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POOR JACK TAR'S CHARDSHIPS.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1890.

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THIS AGENT PLAYED IN LUCK.

A "FEMALE" CANVASSER FOR CORSETS IN HIGHTSTOWN, N. J., IS DISCOVERED TO BE A MAN.



ESTABLISHED 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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TO OUR READERS.

THE POLICE GAZETTE

Can now be obtained in almost every city, town and village in the United States, but should any reader experience difficulty in obtaining the POLICE GAZETTE in his locality we would consider it A FAVOR TO RECEIVE A POSTAL CARD giving the name and address of the nearest Newsdealer, agent or bookseller.

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should send a 2-cent stamp, to cover postage, for our catalogue of Sporting Goods, Cabinet Photographs, Sensational and Sporting Books, &c., &c.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

THE BENWELL MURDER.

The police authorities of Ontario, Canada, have what they consider to be incontrovertible evidence against J. Reginald Birchell for the murder of his former companion, Frederick C. Benwell. It is to be hoped that Birchell can prove his innocence, as he claims he can, when the proper time arrives. Even if Birchell can remove this cloud, there isn't a particle of doubt that he is an exceedingly tricky young man. He proved this when he paraded as "Lord Somerset" before the Woodstock gentry. He proved it later when he deceived Pelley and Benwell, and led them to believe that he was the owner of a stock farm, which he was not. He gave additional evidence of the fact when he roped the two into a scheme which was a heads-I-win-tails-you-lose plan to better his financial condition at the expense of his dupes. Witnesses have testified that they saw him near the scene of the murder on the fatal day. He was seen by train hands and by citizens, who are positive of his identity. What was he doing in that neighborhood? He could answer the question in one brief sentence. It is a just proviso of the law that a man shall be considered innocent until he shall have been proven guilty, and Birchell should be given the benefit of every doubt that may animadvert to his acquittal. It is not the desire or intention of the POLICE GAZETTE to pass judgment upon this man until there shall remain no reason to believe him innocent of the terrible crime laid at his door. Circumstantial evidence is at times at variance with reality, but the circumstances in this case are overwhelmingly against the accused. The POLICE GAZETTE has only given the story of the crime and Birchell's alleged connection with it as adduced at the inquest. Let the public withhold final judgment until the trial is concluded.

PROTECT OUR "TARS."

Over at the Brooklyn Navy Yard a trial is in progress which deeply interests thousands of those whose lives are spent on shipboard. Our jolly Jack Tars, as a class, are easily imposed upon, their life is one of hardship and danger, and yet they are a rollicking class if left to enjoy themselves as seems meet with them. While they are on shore there is sufficient law at hand to protect them, but when they are on the bounding main the story goes that they are maltreated and misused to a cruel and inhuman degree. The investigation now being held in the case of Commander McCalla, of the Enterprise, who is charged with inhumanity, may prove that such inhumanity exists on our men-of-war. If this is proven the government will be called upon to act, and to act quickly, in the matter. Our artist, on another page, has delineated scenes on shipboard known to have had an existence in fact in days gone. Do they exist now? If so, the cruel officers should be treated to doses of their own medicine, and Jack should be given an opportunity to have a say in the sentencing of the culprits.

MASKS AND FACES

Random Shots--Spaghetti Versus Sauerkraut--A Kentucky Belle.

GREEN ROOM GOSSIP.

"Those Giddy Young Girls"--
"Assassination."

ACTORS AS READERS.

Dumley Van Swiller is getting ready for the spring homestretch career of opera in town.

Deutschland is on the move; Italia is coming in.

Wagner says tata. Rossini, Verdi, Donizetti, with



Patti and Tamagno as exponents, are about to invade the Metropolitan Opera House and wish us good evening.

We've had sauerkraut and beer. We're now to have chianti and spaghetti.

So get your cravat straight, your smile in order, your gloves on, Dumley Van Swiller, for the fun is about to begin. Patti gets a thousand a night. Tamago gets, I don't know how much.

Does the public get lost?

Speaking of operatic heroes reminds me.

Mapleson, once hearing that his baritone, Tromboni, was about to break his contract and go with another company, immediately went to a court of the town in which they were then vocalizing, and procured an injunction restraining the said baritone from leaving him there, and with the smiles of a conqueror, went to the mezzo-bass, and the following took place:

Manager—Signor Tromboni, I am about to bring out an injunction.

Signor Tromboni—So? And have I a good part in it?

He had.

Elizabeth Bisland, the young woman who recently circled the globe in opposition to Nelly Bly, is the writer of an interesting article on stage beauties.

Miss Bisland, who, by the way, is a fine looking woman herself, gives this souvenir of Mary Anderson.

"A charming story is told of Mary Anderson's girlhood in Kentucky, *si non e vero e ben trovato*. Her parents were not rich at the time, and she sometimes went on errands that should have been the duty of the servants. One evening, just at dusk, she caught up an old hat and ran without a pitcher in her hand. Louisville is quiet enough on the more retired streets at that hour for one to hope that such an errand might pass unnoticed. She was then a tall, angular girl of fourteen, desperately shy and conscious of her dress and hat, and when she saw coming around the corner one of the local young swells, she made a dash in the other direction, but, like sweet Kitty of Coleraine, her foot tripped, she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,

The young man gave one irrepressible laugh, and next moment ran forward and picked up the red, wretched and disconsolate maiden, who flung away from his inquiries and offers of assistance and ran home in tears.

"Twelve or more years later, when the provincial swell had become a celebrated journalist, he was bidden to a reception in honor of the young actress who had conquered all the English-speaking people. When he was presented she held out her hand impulsively and cried: 'I have waited for this twelve years; it is one of my triumphs.' Then, to his puzzled inquiries, she replied: 'Do you remember the little girl who fell down in Louisville one evening? I suppose not; but I went home and cried all the night, as only a girl of that age can weep over a paucherie. I knew you by sight and reputation, and thought you a very splendid person, and I vowed then through my tears that I would some day revenge myself for that laugh by becoming famous enough to make you feel it an

NOW READY IN BOOK FORM.—A complete history of the author's life from boyhood in the woods of Canada. All the incidents fully illustrated with portrait of Mrs. Birchell. Send 25 cents to POLICE GAZETTE office.

honor to meet me. And I have never forgotten the episode, because it was the first step I made on the road I have since traveled.'

I hear that Barker, the butler of Mrs. Langtry, will probably write his memoirs, with the kind assistance of an impecunious but brilliant man-about-town.

They're sure to be interesting. I wonder whether they will reproduce the saying which Bernhardt uttered when Langtry one day told her that Bob Hilliard had been fresh in his conduct to her.

"I don't like leading men whose attentions let you divine their intentions."

Emma Sheridan astonished Boston the other day by appearing for a fleeting moment on the stage of the stuffy Museum in tights.

The play in which she did this was "All the Comforts of a Home," by Gillette, and the prime old ladies of the Hub were mildly shocked by the incident.

Salvini hasn't done much this season in America to increase his fame. He's made plenty of money himself, and that's all. I heard this story the other day, but I won't vouch for its truth.

A few years ago Signor Salvini was under Mr. John Stetson's management, and appeared at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Salvini was playing *Othello*, and during the third act considerable noise was heard behind the scenes. Approaching the wings, Salvini hissed between his false teeth "silenzio." Mr. Stetson happened to be standing at the wings and, hearing the tragedian's remark, rushed about the stage and into the "property room" shouting out, "Give him something, a sword, or a dagger, or anything; what in thunder is the English for 'silenzio'?"

Helen Dauvray is going out next season again, they say, this time to be managed by Johnny Ward, baseballist and husband. I doubt if the wife will ever make the hit on the dramatic stage her better half made on the ball field. I hope Dauvray won't throw a lot of people out of a job by giving up her tour, as she did last time.

Geraldine Ulmer, who, by the way, was brought out by John Stetson, who lived in Charlestown, Mass., in the house next to where Ulmer was born, is about to sing "Fille de Madame Angot" in London. Sir Arthur Sullivan is as much in love with her as ever.

Miss Ulmer is now about as old and as inexperienced as some of the members of the F. A. D., the Society of Pure Young Actresses (I can't give the full title, it's too long) who gave a reception in New York to Mrs. Kendall recently. Miss Fetter, Miss Cayvan, Miss Alice King, Hamilton, Miss Effie Shannon are prominent members of this society, which claims to contain only young girls who have been "careful of their reputation," and who encourage fencing, athletics and dancing.

"Those giddy young girls!"

Some women make the best-intentioned fellow in the world sick and tired by their shams and their pretences.

Some of the greatest actors on the stage are excellent readers in a drawing room. Coquelin is one, for instance. I once heard Irving recite "The Dream of Eugene Aram," sitting on a chair, in full evening dress. He rendered the poem quietly, and awaited the climax when he rose and let himself loose. Charlotte Cushman was a great parlor reader. Mrs. Scott Siddons is popular in the cabins of transatlantic steamers. Mount Sully, of Paris, excels in this line. Booth once attempted to read "Marmion" in a drawing room, and failed. Herman Vezin is a first rate parlor reader of Shakespeare.

Probably the most impressive recitation ever delivered was that given by the great Rachel before the Czar Nicholas. It was a long time before the famous actress could make up her mind to comply with the request of the imperious sovereign, and to recite for him the principal passages of her greatest role, that of "Phedre." Finally she consented, and the performance took place. It was given at night and in the open air, being held in the grounds of the Imperial Summer Palace. Torches held by the Imperial pages, drawn up in a line on either side of the greenwood that served as a stage, illuminated the form and the inspired features of Rachel. The rest was left in darkness, save for the rays of a full and unclouded moon. The Czar and Czarina and all the court were present, seated in arm chairs before the impromptu scene. Never, it is said, did the great actress declaim with more fire the tragic lines of Racine's masterpiece, and never did the pale features and wondrous eyes show to greater advantage than by the wavering light of the torches, flickering in the night winds and in the uncertain grasp of their bearers, now lighting up in dazzling lustre the weird countenance and the slender form, and then again sinking down and leaving them half in shadow.

I see Courtney Barnes, the second wife of John T. Raymond, at first nights now and then. She is often in the company of Kate Forsyth. That reminds me of a story of an actor.

The original manuscript of the play in which John T. Raymond made his mark as *Colonel Sellers* was at one time stolen, and in spite of the actor's efforts to get it back remained out of his possession for months. When it was finally restored to Mr. Raymond, it came mysteriously, with the following note:

"Dere Col i send you bak your play i saw you on the theater and i see you are in want all the time, so i send bak the play and i wish you lik for i dont want to take no poor man's property."

The thief had evidently been so impressed by Mr. Raymond's acting of *Sellers* that he took him seriously. Tim Cronin, now at Daly's, has done nothing all year but act menial parts.

That's the way actors begin in stock companies. It's only your divorced women who start by being rockets and end by being sticks.

The stars promenade Broadway nowadays. On a fine afternoon, a short time ago, I saw in a group Crane, Florence, Emmett and Jefferson.

Lillian Russell promenades daily with her little girl.

Francis Wilson is doing well.

Agnes Booth, who now plays "Aunt Jack" at the Madison Square, is an actress off away back.

She made her debut in Australia as a dancer.

Her first acting part was a maid.

Wilson Barrett is well handled, but his receipts are not over big. He wears high-heeled shoes in order to be as tall as Miss Eastlake, who has a perpetual cold.

E. J. Henley threatens to star again next season. As long as he doesn't foist his pretty wife upon us as a first-class star (like Seabrooke does Crux) we'll receive him well.

Mr. Kendal is a fair actor of second-rate rank. He is stiff and stagey, and his passion is about as warm as we'd imagine that of Phineas Fogg to be. His voice is monotonous and his enunciation choked. Mr. Kendal owes a great deal to his wife. He'd be a failure without her.

Amelia Glover, red hair, freckles and all, ventures out in the spring sunshine.

Another red-haired woman, Lotta, is in every night at ten. She is rarely seen by day, and never eats anything more sumptuous at night than crackers and milk.

It's a mistake to think comedians cannot do anything tragic and serious.

Only the other night I heard Tim Murphy recite this poem, "ASSASSINATION," and I tell you he did it in first-class style.

On the road, the lonely road,
Under the cold, pale moon,
Beneath the rugged elms he strode,
And whistled, and shifted his weary load;

Whistled a foolish tune.

There was a step, timed with his own,

A figure that crouched and bowed,
A cold white blade, that gleamed and shone,
Like a ray of daylight, downward thrown;
And the moon went behind a cloud.

The moon came out, so broad and good,
The barn-fowl waked and crowed,
Then rustled his feathers in drowsy mood;

While the brown owl called, to his mate in the wood,

That a dead man lay in the road.

LEW ROSEN.

PERKY EUCHRE PLAYERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Four frisky maidens in the Westminster College of New Wilmington, Pa., have got themselves into bad odor with the faculty. A few nights ago President Ferguson, of the College, was passing a room occupied by four pretty students, when he was startled at hearing a sweet voice exclaim: "I'll order you up." Another voice equally as sweet asked: "What's trumps?" While listening he learned that it was Maud's turn to play. The President, together with the matron, whom he had summoned quietly, opened the girls' bedroom door just as Maud exclaimed: "I'll bet you a pound of caramels we win the odd trick." The President quietly picked up the deck of cards and walked down stairs.

The following morning the girls were notified that their offense was so grievous that the Board of Trustees would have to deal with it. The trustees are all clergymen. The euchre players are awaiting the verdict.

SHE COWHIDED HIM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Daniel Pritchard, a Pittsburgh, Pa., politician, was recently cowhided in O'Donnell's Hall, that city, by Mrs. John Sieger, of whom he had made disparaging remarks. Pritchard was about to open a temperance meeting in the hall when Mrs. Sieger, accompanied by her husband, appeared in the hall. Mrs. Sieger was armed with a cowhide, with which she struck Pritchard several blows over the head. A friend of the politician attempted to take hold of the woman, when her husband drew a revolver and threatened to blow his head off if he touched his wife. Finally Pritchard made good his escape.

R. D. MCLEAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. McLean, leading man of Marie Prescott, whose head we reproduce this week, is of Southern origin, and is gradually winning national reputation. Athletic, dashing and vigorous, Mr. McLean can sprint, box, fence, ride, as well as act, with the best of them.

FRISKY HATTIE HARVEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Hattie Harvey is a Chicago star of recent manufacture. Her triumphs have been few, but well managed. She has a fine pair of eyes and a pair of nimble limbs, and her future is by her friends claimed to be a rosy and blushing hue.

MISS EAMES.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Miss Eames, whose fair face is reproduced by us this week, is a singer whose voice has charmed London and Paris. Miss Eames has a brilliant future.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF ACTRESSES—Send a two-cent stamp to cover postage, for our catalogue of portraits of prominent actresses and actors and sporting men. Address POLICE GAZETTE, New York.

ENTICING WIDOWS.

How They Won Two Real
Nice Old Gentlemen.

A MAINE GIRL'S CATCH.

She Marries a Boston Button-
hole Mangler.

A NORTH CAROLINA DUEL

That Terminated Without Gore
Being Spilled.

A MANIAC SCHOOL-MARM.

In order to monkey with a widow a member of the other side of the fence must needs have his wits about him, and, to use a sporting phrase, wear soft gloves. Widows, as a general thing, have as little to learn as a boy with the stomachache. The boy is extremely apt to know where the disturbance is located, and so is the widow. There is always a halo of tears and hub bub and mourning surrounding a stomachache boy, and so there is in the neighborhood of a widow. The soft, soothing influences of an exasperating widow are apt to make the father of a large family get up in the night and hunt for a widow to take charge of his family, just like the father of the boy might arise from his bed at night and beg the surrounding country to come around and ascertain what is the matter with Mikey's intestines.

The above was all bid for by the announcement in the cold, stormy Western papers of a few days ago that a captivating widow or two had pocketed the fifteen ball and scored the game, while the girls were endeavoring to play their white alley.

A NEW ALBANY, IND., WIDOW'S CATCH.

Capt. James Blake is well known in New Albany, Ind., which is just across the river from Louisville, Ky. If memory serves correctly, New Albany and Louisville were the scene, as the POLICE GAZETTE recently took note of, of a graveyard romance that got a number of ghouls into trouble. Capt. James Blake is a dapper old fellow who is but seventeen years of age this side of 100—that is 83—and claims title and can confirm it, b'gosh, to being a descendant of an admiral of that name who made a tea pot of Boston Harbor, just preliminary to a war in which George



THE WIDOWER REBUFFED.

Washington and other now dead individuals figured. Capt. Blake is nothing if not a gallant, and the refrigerator has to wear a straw hat when the old fellow hasn't one eye out for the fair sex. If there isn't any room in the ladies' cabin Capt. Blake always has a vacant knee or can pass up a nickel in a boottail car for a lady without moving an eyelash.

All of New Albany was not, therefore, astonished when the young fellows of sixty or seventy years of age bandied the story about among themselves that the jolly captain had snuck off and got married. They had heard it only as a rumor and were poking each other in the ribs, and thinking of stunts to do with the captain when the news came that it was an all-wool fact.

On the night before, at the Central Hotel, in Jeffersonville, the captain had taken to bed and board a charming widow. The first three letters of her name was Mrs. Thompson with a "p." Her first name is Artie. Now she signs her name "Mrs. Capt. Blake," and the Thompson and the "p" have gone glimmering. Mrs. Blake is just turned twenty-eight, and has a ready-made family on tap as her firstly laid husband had five children, all of whom are married. These children kicked and that's the reason why the old fellow did the act in Jeffersonville, where they were married.

Capt. Blake is an old sea captain, who has navigated almost every sea, and later on followed the river, finally settling down to enjoy a comfortable fortune of about \$30,000 and the rents of a number of houses. He was married fifty-five years ago, his spouse dying three years since. He calculated that he did not like to be alone and proceeded to look around for some one to join him in wedlock. He told the proprietors

of the Central Hotel, Jeffersonville, on the night of the nuptials, that he had proposed to seven different ladies at various times during the last couple of years, but had met with no encouragement until he met Mrs. Thompson, who was willing to become his wife.

AN OHIO WIDOW'S WIN.

It is, perhaps, queer, and then, again probably, not so queer that some of we male people hanker so after the companionship of widows. There is always some-



JOHN MOORE'S PHILANTHROPY.

thing fascinating about a widow if she knows and strictly attends to her business, and it is almost an impossibility to cross the street and walk on the other side when a pretty relic of some deceased, fatally dead body is meandering toward us.

There is a sort of a halo about her presence which magnetizes the harder sex and, in nine cases—not dollar cases—out of ten he makes an idiot of himself, trembles all over, perspires freely and, if he be unen-

Lung's open and above-board grin captivated Miss Minnie Leach, from Maine, and they recently got warmer than "John's" flat-irons, and cooled down by going to Rev. Dr. Olmstead, in Tremont Temple, who gave them permission to use the same tooth-brush and sprinkle shirts in unison. Lung tried to beat his Worship down, and finally compromised and went away satisfied, after having worked off a plugged nickle on the divine.

A SCOTTDALE, PA., SCHOOLMISTRESS' FATE.

Let us hope that Minnie will never regret her marriage.

Here is another Minnie who did and, poor girl, does. Up to one year ago, this month, there was no prettier or more respected girl in Scottdale, Pa., than Minnie B. Lowry. Miss Minnie was a charming and lovable girl, and there wasn't a child in all the country around that didn't praise her. Being well educated, and desirous of making herself independent, Minnie obtained a position as school-teacher, and fathers and mothers of families swore by her.

In March, 1889, an opera company dropped into Scottdale. One of the prime note-slingers in the company was Charles Bailey, a gaudy young man who had more silver on his tongue than in his pocket.

Miss Minnie attended one of the performances of the troupe and saw Bailey act. They met later, and the young school-teacher's friends were astounded by the announcement that the two were about to be married. That same night they went to Pittsburg and were made one. That was the last heard of her, until last week, when she was arrested on the streets of Nashville, Tenn.

For several days the quondam school teacher had been acting queerly, and was frequently noticed on the street behaving in a somewhat unorthodox manner. Her conduct finally attracted the attention of an officer, who accosted her. She glared at him, muttered unintelligible words and then started to run. Suddenly she threw up her hands and was falling to the sidewalk, when the officer rushed to her assistance. It was then ascertained that she was a raving maniac. No cause is assigned for her dementia, and her friends in Scottdale were notified of her condition.

A BLADEN COUNTY, N. C., FIZZLE DUEL.

All of Bladen county, N. C., is excited over the story of a recent duel which was not a duel. The cause for



IT WAS SETTLED WITHOUT BLOODSHED.

cumbered, proposes and plays a leading part in the often told drama, "The Spider and the Fly."

Here comes another widow and the story is cosy, like unto the widow. Mrs. Susie Lillie is the widow, and to say that she is catchy does no injustice to her.

John Moore, a frisky kidling of eighty-three years, is the party of the second part to the indenture. John owns about ten-ninths of the real estate, with its hereditaments and appurtenances therunto belonging or in anywise appertaining, in and about Carrollton, O. He is the Jay Gould of the precinct, and he casts sheepseyes at Susan. Susan saw his ante and went down in her stocking for a raise. John called and Susan threw up her hand. John won the pot and—

—Sue. There is no reason sufficient to form a belief that Susan and Jackie did anything wrong, but, after Susan had officiated as housekeeper for Jack for several years, he deeded a several-thousand-dollar-one-hundred-and-twenty-acre farm to her.

Holy smoke!

All of his children and their relatives got up on their hind legs and howled, and now they are endeavoring to prove that the old man is daft. Judge Ferrall, of Carrollton, is endeavoring to ascertain which is which, and Mr. and Mrs. John Moore have four numbers but-toned and are waiting for "Keno!"

A MAINE GIRL MARRIES A "JOHN."

Will my reader kindly permit me to drop the night-shirt over the widow's woes, so to say, and tell a story of how a button-bursting, bosom-mangling, blasey, banjo-featured, pig-tailed, no tickle-no cuffee fantaner yanked into his affections a more or less pretty girl from way down in Maine?

Let us pray—that he will.

Anybody who is villainous enough to assert that the girl in question is not more or less pretty should be tarred and feathered and be compelled to straddle a rail. Anybody who so far forgets himself as to remark that the Chinaman can lay any claim to beauty should get six months twice a year for the remnant of his natural life. John is disastrously unpretty, has crescent eyes and a large, full-moon countenance that would make a horseshoe out of a family pie with one bite.

"John" has a habit of getting there, allee samee, and he generally arrives on schedule-time with both feet when he starts out to make connections, as will be seen by the following tale. "John's" other name is Lung Poy.

Lung Poy is a Harrison avenue, Boston, Massachusetts, Knight Tubler. Every time he smiles, the boys looking through the windows imagine that he is starting a new canal on the premises.

THE SENSATION OF THE DAY.—The cowardly murder of young Fred C. Benwell, in the Canadian woods, after being enticed from England. Profusely illustrated. Send 25 cents to the POLICE GAZETTE office.

two men, each accompanied by one friend, set out on horseback for the field of honor, and after riding until 4 o'clock, they stopped in Darlington county, S. C., in an open field.

Here they dismounted, and were hurriedly preparing for the duel, when Eller proposed to Culberth



MINNIE LOWRY A MANIAC.

that if he would forgive all and shake hands he would make amends by marrying his daughter, and be to her good and true husband. Culberth agreed to this, and the duel was declared off. Reports from the pistols rang out in the air, all parties again mounted their horses, and by 10 o'clock Miss Culberth and Eller were husband and wife, and being congratulated by their friends.

All's swell that ends swell. TOMMY RATS.

BIRMINGHAM'S BIG SIX.

[WITH PORTRAIT.] We published recently a challenge from Alf Walker, Big Six, the colored heavy-weight pugilist of Birmingham, Ala., and his portrait will be found in this issue. Walker stands 5 feet 10 inches in height and weighs 230 pounds. He possesses great strength. Recently, at Schillenger's Brewery, for a wager of \$1,000, he carried a live mule weighing 1,200 pounds, 40 yards. He lifts a barrel of whiskey and puts it on a 5-foot stanchion with ease. He has figured in twenty-seven glove fights, and his last victory was the defeat of Mervine Thompson, the Cleveland Thunderbolt, whom he knocked out in 2 rounds. Big Six will fight Peter Jackson, Godfrey, or any colored pugilist.

AN OLD STAGE MANAGER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.] Robert Gardner, better known among his old-time associates and cronies as "Old Bobby," is one of the oldest stage managers in the country. The gentleman is no less than seventy years of age, and has been interested in theatricals since childhood. He built the first theatre ever erected in Milwaukee, Wis., nearly forty years ago. The old gentleman is now a resident of Murfreesboro, Tenn., where he is respected by all who know him.

AN OHIO BURGLAR.

[WITH PORTRAIT.] Some time ago two masked burglars attempted to rob the premises of Farmer Frengle, of Crestline, O. Both of them, George Wilson and Philip Sellers were shot. Wilson was killed and Sellers escaped. Recently, the latter gave himself up and confessed the attempted burglary, giving a graphic description of his tussle with Farmer Frengle. Seller's photograph appears elsewhere.

COL. JAMES MILLIKEN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.] Col. Milliken is known throughout the land as the successful author of "Three Wives to One Husband" and other plays, and as a manager of wide social and professional connections. Born in Pennsylvania, Col. Milliken has traveled extensively, has fought in the war, then entered politics, and to-day devotes himself to theatricals. His office, 1162 Broadway, New York, is one of the rendezvous of the profession in town.

DENVER, COL.'S, MIDDLE-WEIGHT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.] Ed. Smith, of Denver, Col., the well-known middle-weight pugilist, is well-known in prize ring circles; he has figured in numerous glove fights, which have been already recorded in these columns. Smith has issued a challenge to meet any middle-weight in America for \$1,000 a side. In Denver Smith has a host of backing, and he is very popular with all classes.

THE GERMAN CHAMPION.

[WITH PORTRAIT.] On another page we publish a portrait of Sebastian Miller, the German champion weight-lifter, stone-breaker and Herculean wrestler. Miller is depicted in the act of throwing an opponent by a neck and shoulder-hold in a Greco-Roman wrestling encounter at Cincinnati.

DASHING MARIE PRESCOTT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.] Marie Prescott was long the leading lady of Salvini, and now tours the country as a star in repertory. Her playing of *Iago* in New York recently, created a sensation, as her shapely limbs were revealed in doublet and hose, and her face was adorned with a stage makeup.

A NOTED "STRONG BOY."

[WITH PORTRAIT.] On another page we present the features of Frederick Wheeler, known throughout the country as "The New York Strong Boy." Wheeler is but twenty years of age, weighs 184 pounds, and is as muscular as he is good-looking.

OUR NEW SPORTING GOODS CATALOGUE.—Send a two-cent stamp to cover postage for catalogue of sporting goods, contracts and all articles used by sportsmen. Address Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.



LUNG BEAT THE PARSON DOWN.

story, Culberth was in a fury, and placing two large pistols in his pockets, he started out to find the man who had so cruelly wronged his daughter.

Before he found Eller, he met a friend of the young man, and this friend begged the mad father to give the young man a chance, and not kill him like a dog. Then Culberth agreed to allow the matter to be settled in a duel.

Eller agreed, and, without selecting seconds, the



MARIE PRESCOTT.

AN ACTRESS OF RARE PERSONAL CHARM, WHO RECENTLY APPEARED IN TIGHTS AS THE IAGO OF SHAKESPEARE.

R. D. MCLEAN.

AN ACTOR OF FINE PHYSIQUE AND ENGAGING TALENTS, WHO IS NOW STARRING THE COUNTRY IN TRAGEDY.



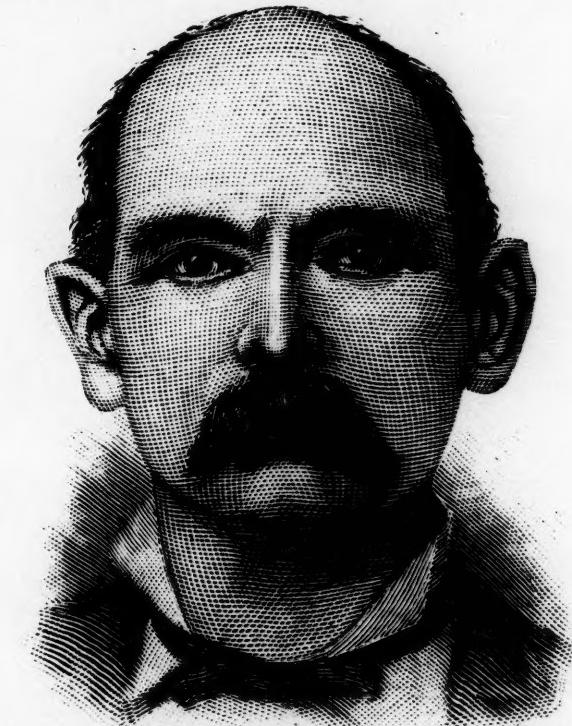
FRISKY HATTIE HARVEY.

A FASCINATING CHICAGO STAR, WHO KNOWS HOW TO USE HER CHARMS TO ADVANTAGE.



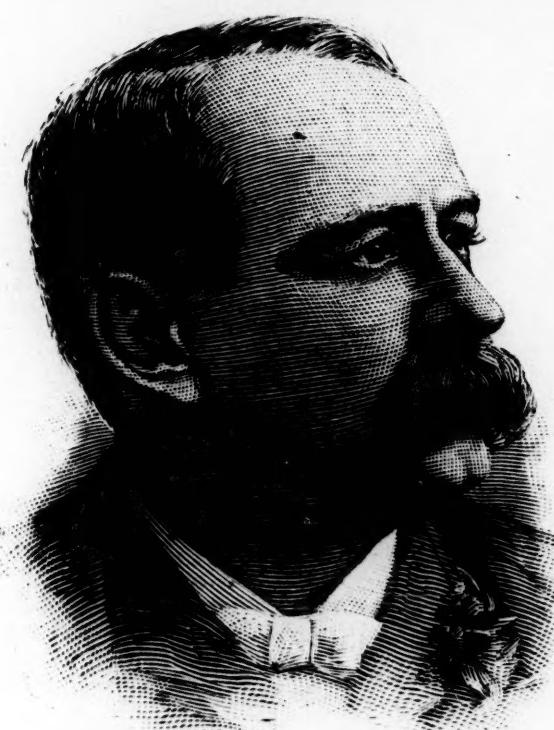
MRS. FLORENCE BIRCHELL.

THE FASCINATING LITTLE ENGLISH WOMAN NOW UNDER CHARGE AS AN ACCESSORY IN THE BENWELL MURDER CASE.



AN OLD STAGE MANAGER.

ROBERT GARDNER, BETTER KNOWN AS "OLD BOBBY," WHO HAS BEEN IN THEATRICALS FOR YEARS.



COL. JAMES MILLIKEN.

THE SUCCESSFUL PLAYWRIGHT AND MANAGER, AND THE PINK OF GENIAL GOOD FELLOWS.



MISS EAMES.

A SINGER OF SWEET SONGS, WHO HAS CHARMED LONDON AND PARIS WITH HER WINNING WAYS.



A FLITTING PARSON.

REV. U. S. GRANT GLICK, OF WHOM THE PEOPLE OF LOS ANGELES, CAL., ARE NOT EXTREMELY FOND.



AN OHIO BURGLAR.

PHILIP SELLERS, WHO RECENTLY HAD A TUSSLE WITH FARMER PFENGLE OF CRESTLINE, AND WHOSE PAL WAS KILLED.



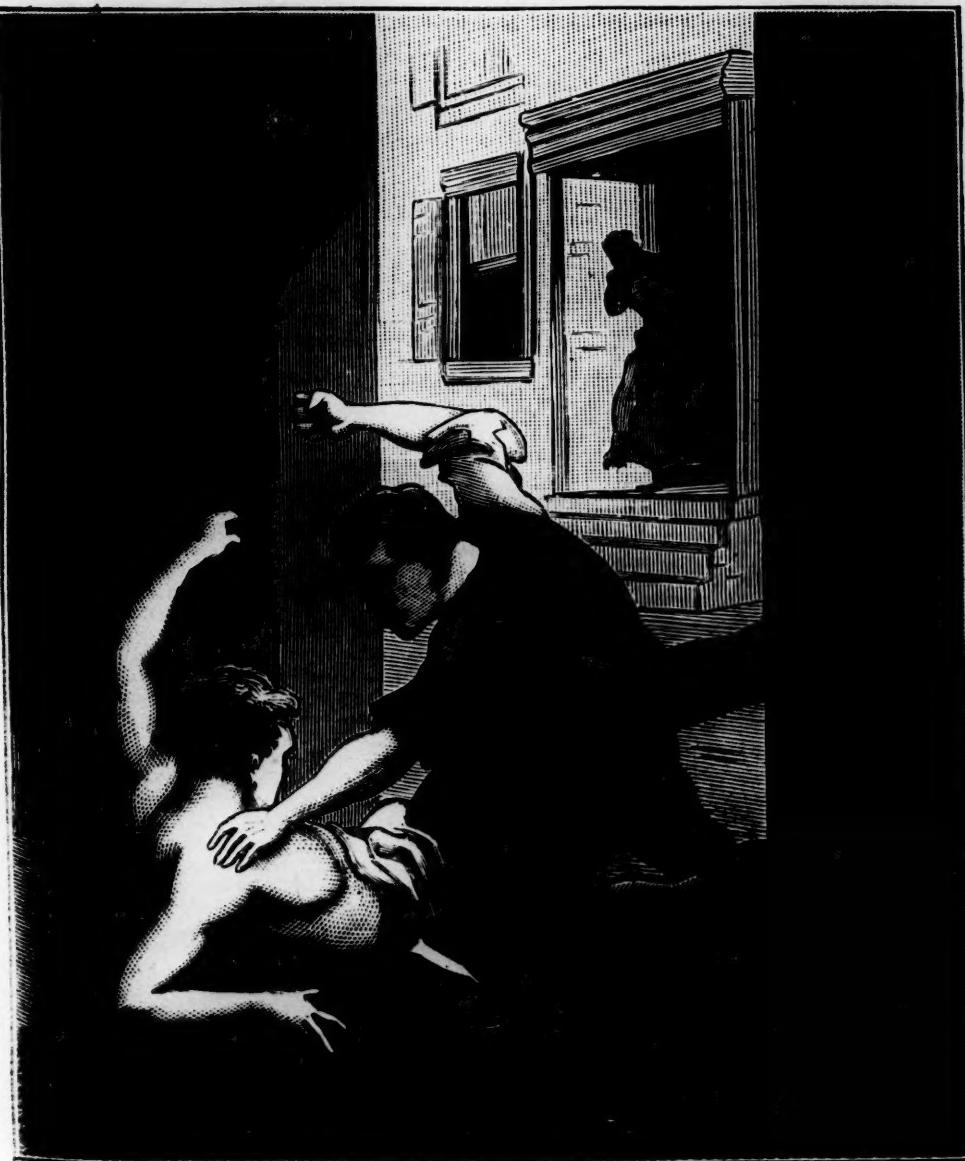
WANTED FOR MURDER.

SHERIFF LEWIS GOWEN, OF LAWRENCE COUNTY, ILL., WOULD LIKE TO ASCERTAIN THE WHEREABOUTS OF THOMAS PALMER.



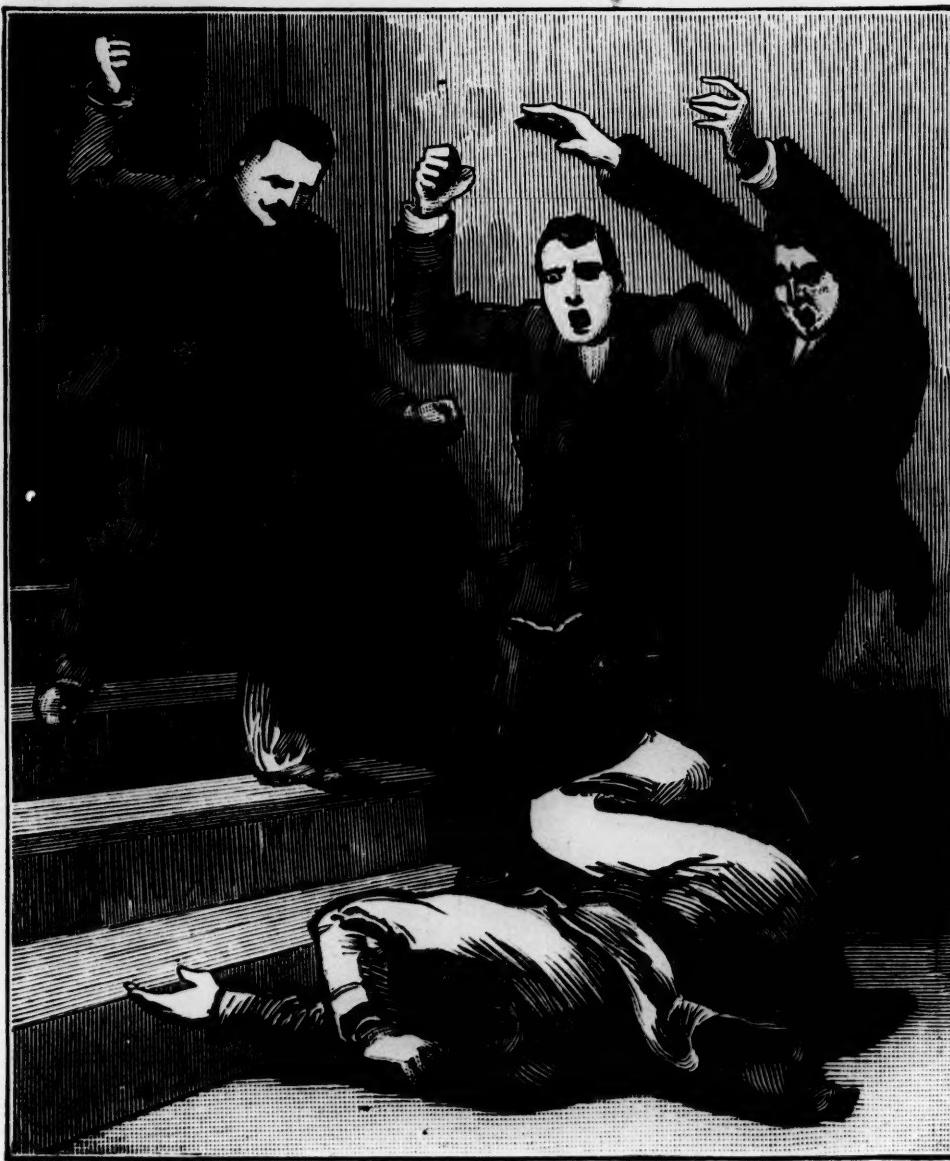
A FATAL SLEIGH RIDE.

A BALDWIN, WIS., PARTY OF PLEASURE-SEEKERS MEET WITH A SERIOUS ACCIDENT BY THE OVERTURNING OF THEIR SLEIGH.



FOUGHT FOR A GIRL.

FRED KLEIN AND FRANK GUNTHER, TWO MARYSVILLE, CAL., YOUTHS, PUMMEL EACH OTHER IN BOUGH-AND-TUMBLE STYLE.



HAZED THE DOMINIE'S SON.

STUDENTS OF THE WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL, OF EAU CLAIR, WIS., RAISE MERRY THUNDER WITH A RECALCITRANT COMRADE.

BOTH BIRCHELLS HELD.

J. Reginald and His Pretty Wife Deep in the Toils.

DAMNING PROOFS OF GUILT.

Birchell Located Near the Scene of the Murder

ON THE FATAL DAY.

[WITH ILLUSTRATION AND PORTRAITS.]

A number of developments have been made in the celebrated Benwell murder case during the week, and J. Reginald Birchell and his fascinating wife are still deeper in the toils. The imperturbable alleged murderer has been committed to the Welland Jail, and Mrs. Birchell has been given over to the charge of officers who will take good care of her until the day of the trial.

The report of the preliminary trial, published in last week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE, gave Douglass Pelley's story in full, and a pretty strong case was made against Birchell and his wife, as an accessory after the fact. Later on the web was woven closer, when witnesses testified that they had seen Birchell



NEVILLE PICKTHALL.

in the neighborhood of Princeton, where the murder was perpetrated.

After Pelley had concluded his testimony Detective Murray and Chief of Police Young told of the arrest of the two, and of the finding of Benwell's keys in Birchell's possession.

George Hay, a train hand on the Grand Trunk road, was next called. He testified as follows:

"On Monday, February 17 (the day on which Benwell and Birchell left Buffalo together), as we were coming along, and were slowing up at Eastwood, I saw the prisoner standing on the platform. I got off the train and this man got on. He was the only passenger we took on at Eastwood. He wore a check sack coat, but had no overcoat on. The check was small and dark. He wore a black, curly cap. His trousers were turned up at the bottom, and his shoes were covered with mud. He had no gloves on his hands.

"He got into the smoking-car. I attended to that car and boarded the train just after he did. He said to me:

"Will I have time to lie over at Hamilton for dinner?"

"I told him that he would not, but that he would have time to get his dinner by waiting over for the St. Louis express. He got off at Hamilton; his ticket was a single one and only to that station, but he got on the cars again before we started. He then handed out a ticket for the Falls, the destination of the train. It was due at the Falls at 7:10 P. M. I didn't see him get off."

"After we left Hamilton I saw him talking to the newsboy, Duffy, but do not know what they were talking about. They were sitting in the same seat and I was perhaps three or four seats away. Once he took a flask of liquor out of his pocket, but put it back again without touching it. He had no appearance of being intoxicated."

Hay afterward said that the first time he ever saw the prisoner was at Woodstock in the autumn of 1888, when he was flourishing the ribbons as Lord Somerset. Hay was standing in front of the postoffice at the time, and as the air was filled with My Lord's grandeur, he was curious to see what a real, true English noble looked like.

He remembered that Birchell was walking with a woman at the time. He saw the prisoner once again on Feb. 21, at 2 A. M., near Suspension Bridge. He got on the train with Pelley, whom the witness identified sitting in the court room, and another companion, a woman. They took the train across the bridge to Clifton. The exact chronology which Hay was able to offer the Court was due to the fact that he has to keep a time-book of his trains.

This evidence brings the whereabouts of Birchell down to within a few minutes of 7:10 P. M. on that fatal Monday. The Erie express waits at the bridge for the Grand Trunk accommodation, and passes down through Buffalo to Jersey City. The run from Clifton to Buffalo on this trip is scheduled at fifty minutes. Birchell, Pelley says, appeared at the Stafford House about 8:30.

The next witness called was Conductor William H. Poole, of train No. 7 of the Grand Trunk Railroad, which made the run up from the Falls at 7:10 A. M. Monday. When the accommodation reached Hamilton he noticed two men, one of them an Englishman apparently, get on board. They sat in the same coach, and when he entered the car to punch their tickets they were arranged opposite each other. They were the only passengers who got on at Hamilton. When Poole entered the car one of the men was sitting with

his back to the engine, the other facing him. The passenger facing him, he said, was a light-complexioned young fellow without a moustache. He was reading a newspaper. His companion handed the conductor two tickets, which he took mechanically, not paying much attention to the man whose back was turned.

Once again, just after leaving Harrisburg, he came in to collect tickets.

The two travelers had separated—one sitting on one side of the car and the other on the other. It was then,



THE TWO MEN SEEN ON THE ROAD TO PRINCETON.

when the passenger who had the tickets handed them in, that the witness noticed him. He was dark and wore a moustache. The blond fellow's overcoat was thrown open across the back of the seat. Poole noticed it and admired it. The coat was produced in court. The witness looked at it carefully, but was not willing to say it was the same, though it was not so very different as he recalled it.

The coat is now stained with blood, and there is a bullet hole in the collar showing from the position of the wounds in the dead man that he must have had his collar turned up when he was shot down.

William Virtue, bailiff of Woodstock, who was passing on the train from Brantford to Woodstock, also noticed them. He was sitting in the rear car he said, and saw them walking towards the Eastwood gate. One man was walking ahead of the other. Both men were young. He thought one of the men wore a cap, but wouldn't identify the coat of Benwell. He thought that one of them had a parcel in his hands.

John Crosby, a farmer, on the 17th was walking across from Princeton west to East Oxford. About half a mile from the station he encountered two



MRS. BIRCHELL MET PICKTHALL.

strangers tramping along the Governor's road in the direction from which he had first come. This was about four miles or so from the Blenheim Swamp. His attention was immediately caught by the fact that the road was not much frequented, especially by well-dressed strangers. As he came up to them he looked at them keenly. He remembers that one of the twain, a light, fresh-complexioned youth, wore eye-glasses, because he raised up his head high, after the manner of persons using them, as he passed by. One man was walking on one side of the road, the other on the opposite side.

Miss Alice Smith was the next important witness called. She it was who, as she was walking to the Eastwood Station on that day, met a man she knew was



TRAINMAN DUFFY AND BIRCHELL.

either "Lord Somerset" (Birchell) or Dudley. Dudley was Birchell's companion in Woodstock. She had seen both men in Woodstock and at her grandfather's. Just as he came up to her, shook hands with her and said:

NOW READY IN BOOK FORM.—A complete history of the murder of young Fred Benwell in the woods of Canada. All the incidents fully illustrated, with portrait of Mrs. Birchell. Send 25 cents to POLICE GAZETTE office.

"How do you do?"

She said:

"Are you Mr. Dudley or Mr. Somerset?"

He replied:

"Don't you know me? How is the old Governor?"

They went into the station and he bought a ticket for Hamilton, she thinks, and said he was going for some baggage and would return on the night train to Woodstock. She understood him to say that he had been in the Northwest dealing in horses, and that he had been there about eight months. He was dressed in a dark blue coat and brown checked trousers, which she thought was an imitation of fur. His trousers were rolled up and his shoes were very muddy. He wore a moustache, but the rest of his face was clean shaven. He seemed to be in a hurry in all he did.

She was sure it was Dudley or Somerset, of Woodstock notoriety, and seemed confident that she could identify him with the prisoner. Miss Ida Cromwell, of East Oxford, was standing at the station and saw Miss Smith walking from the north with the stranger in question, and heard him ask for a ticket to Hamilton. The description of the man tallied quite generally with Miss Smith's.

S. W. Dunn, the station agent, also saw, he says, the dark-moustached traveler in conversation with the young lady. Further testimony was to be furnished from Farmer Haywood and his wife, who live on the Governor's road, but they did not respond to their subpoenas. Their testimony will be that they also caught a glimpse of the two pedestrians. According



MISS SMITH MET BIRCHELL AT THE STATION.

to their story, one of the men, as he walked by, picked up a snowball and threw it at the cat. Haywood remembers that at the time he said to his wife;

"Those must be old countrymen, and are most likely going across to Paterson's farm."

James Dunn, the news agent referred to by Hay, testified that he remembered the stranger who had spoken to him on the train, as Hay had testified. The conversation was about farming, and was unimportant.

After other witnesses had given unimportant testimony, the case was given to the jury. They retired, and shortly afterward returned with a verdict of guilty against Birchell, and determined that Mrs. Birchell should be held as an accessory after the fact.

Later on Mr. and Mrs. Birchell were arraigned and committed as above set forth.

Ever since Birchell's arrest the detectives have been searching for Neville Pickthall, who was known to be a friend of the Birchells and who suddenly disappeared from Woodstock recently, after having mortgaged his farm for \$1,000. It was said that Mrs. Birchell had met Pickthall in the Metropolitan Hotel while she and her husband and Pelley were sojourning there. The detectives thought to connect Pickthall in some way with Benwell's disappearance. Pickthall has turned up. He claims to have started for California, but states that he lost his ticket, money and baggage in Deming, New Mexico, and was forced to return. He admits that he registered under an assumed name in the Metropolitan Hotel. At last accounts he was stranded in Tucson, Arizona.

The father and brother of Mrs. Birchell are expected here daily. They come to this country to assist their unfortunate relative.

"POOR JACK'S" UNHAPPY LOT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Court Martial now in progress at the Brooklyn Navy Yard in the case of Commander McCalla, of the good or otherwise ship Enterprise, opens up a field of thought regarding the treatment of "poor Jack Tar" by his superior officers. It is not the intention of the POLICE GAZETTE to pass an opinion upon the question of the guilt or innocence of the accused Commander, but there is not a particle of doubt that the unfortunate sailor who finds, too late, that he has shipped under a martinet is more than likely to have a decidedly disagreeable time of it ere he reaches port. Commander McCalla is on trial for maltreating sailors on his ship, and there is no reason to doubt that he will be fairly and justly dealt with.

Aside from this case, Jack can tell many stories of hardship, cruelty, and even barbarism, on the part of commanders to their subordinates. Commanders have been known to treat their sailors more like brutes than human beings, and even in these days of alleged civilization scenes are said to be enacted on shipboard that are scarcely imaginable. There is pretty nearly positive proof that the "chain gang," the "paddle," "Jacob's ladder," the "thumb screws" and other modes of punishment form a part of sea life, and, if these assertions are true, the government should, and no doubt will, make a move toward the protection of our sailors.

On another page a POLICE GAZETTE artist has depicted scenes that are familiar to Jack Tar, as they were delineated by a worthy artist, who had a knowledge of what he was doing when he took up his pencil, brush and palette.

HAZED THE DOMINIE'S SON.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Will Dudley, a popular young man of eighteen, son of the Rev. Dr. J. F. Dudley, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Eau Claire, Wis., was hazed in a brutal manner by ten classmates at the Washington High School recently. Dudley had been tardy on the previous Friday afternoon, and consequently his class was deprived of a half holiday. After school Joe

Alexander, aged nineteen, son of a member of the Board of Education; George McGregor, aged eighteen, son of the principal of the High School, and eight others fell upon Dudley, dragged him down stairs, bumped his head against the walls, cuffed and punched him, tore his trousers, and wound up by cutting off close to the head a large patch of his Pompadour hair with a pair of horse-clippers. The hazers are to be arrested. The school authorities, it is said, have long tolerated hazing as a regular practice. Principal McGregor may have to go as a result of the trouble.

FOUGHT FOR A GIRL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

For some months past there has been much ill-feeling existing between two young men named Fred Klein and Frank Gunther, employed as clerks in a grocery and jewelry house respectively, in Marysville, Cal., owing to the fact that both were in love with the same girl. To all appearances Gunther, who is considerably the smaller, was much in favor with the young lady, as she appeared in public with him frequently. Klein, who is just past his majority, watched every opportunity to meet and chat with her. One morning, being no longer able to contain himself, Gunther went to the store and called Klein out. Some very harsh expressions were applied and the two, followed by a large crowd which had congregated, went to a livery stable near by, where they began a rough-and-tumble fight. They fought fiercely for half an hour, when they were too exhausted to continue. Both were badly bruised about the face and head, but Gunther had to retire to a physician's office. From the porch of the young lady's residence she could see the fight and during the whole of it stood there crying.

A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A strange man recently broke into the house of Mrs. Mary Peterson of Chicago, Ill., in the absence of her husband, and leveling a revolver at Mrs. Peterson fired. The shot did not take effect, however, and the woman sprang at the man and clutched him by the throat. He struck her on the head with the revolver, but Mrs. Peterson only held the tighter. His eyes began to start from their sockets, his tongue protruded from his mouth and blood rushed from his nostrils. The man had become so weak that Mrs. Peterson, seeing the blood, released her hold on his throat and fled from the house. An officer arrested the man in the street, where he had taken refuge. The man was Albert Jensen, an escaped lunatic from a Michigan insane asylum.

WANTED FOR MURDER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A reward of \$500 will be paid for the arrest and detention of Thomas Palmer, whose portrait appears in this issue, and who is wanted for the murder of Constable George Bopp, near Sumner, Lawrence Co., Ill., on the night of Dec. 26, 1889. Palmer has dark hair, small dark mustache, but generally shaves smooth, rather round face and grey eyes. Any information concerning him should be sent to Lewis Gowen, Sheriff of Lawrence County, Ill.

LIGHTNING LIBERATES PRISONERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Lightning recently struck and torn a hole in the roof of the Moulton, Ala., jail. The jailor neglected to repair the damage, and a few nights later five prisoners escaped through the opening. The only prisoner who did not escape was a negro charged with murder. He refused to leave.

A FLITTING PARSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The residents of Los Angeles, Cal., desire to notify the public at large that Rev. U. S. Grant Glick is not a companionable person to cotton to. They charge him with several shady transactions, and are not now informed as to his whereabouts.

BOSTONIANS IN LUCK.

Large Sums of Money Drawn Under Peculiar Circumstances.

Dame Fortune, who is credited with being the presiding genius at the drawings of lotteries, and who so often has smiled in a substantial manner upon Boston ticket holders, never showered her valuable gifts in a more peculiar manner than at the last drawing, which occurred Feb. 11. Among those in this city holding lucky tickets were Mr. Malachi J. Good and a Chinaman named Jung Fat, each of whom held a twentieth of ticket No. 64,385, which drew the first capital prize of \$300,000, entitling them to \$15,000 each. Mr. Good tells the following story regarding his sudden accumulation of wealth: "I have lived at Roxbury nearly all of my life, and for some time past have worked for my brother in his liquor store. For the past six years I have bought three or four tickets each month in The Louisiana State Lottery, but, until now, never drew anything. The ticket which drew the money, it is thought, was one that I bought of a man who came into the store and who offered it for sale, I being the purchaser. Of course I was somewhat surprised, but intend to make good use of the money. I delivered the ticket to the Adams Express Company, and a few days afterward got my money." Mr. Good is a young man of excellent reputation, possessing many friends. Next week Mr. Good will start for San Francisco, Cal., where he will engage in business for himself, as a result of his good fortune. Jung Fat is employed as a washer in a laundry located on Broadway, South Boston. Although Jung would not give any information regarding his good luck, having been cautioned not to by his lawyer, through whom the money was drawn, Jung's good luck has caused considerable excitement among his countrymen, a large number of whom now hold tickets for the March drawing. Jung has saved up a little money, and with the \$15,000 drawn in the lottery will soon start for China, where he will engage in business.

One-twentieth of ticket No. 44,138, which drew the second capital prize of \$100,000 was held by a club of twenty men employed in a chocolate factory. The money was promptly obtained for them by their employer Mr. J. S. Webb, through the services of the Adams Express Company. Mr. W. P. Chester, of 489½ Tremont street was also fortunate. He held one-twentieth of ticket No. 24,519, which drew the fourth capital prize of \$25,000.—Boston Herald, March 1.

THE BENWELL MURDER.—Just issued in book form. The murder of Fred Benwell, at Princeton, Canada, fully illustrated, from sketches by POLICE GAZETTE special artist. Send 25 cents to this office.

COCK FIGHTING.

A Story of Interest to
Patrons of the
Sport.

RULES GOVERNING MAINS.

The Many Breeds of High-Toned Game Fowls.

OTHER IMPORTANT FACTS.

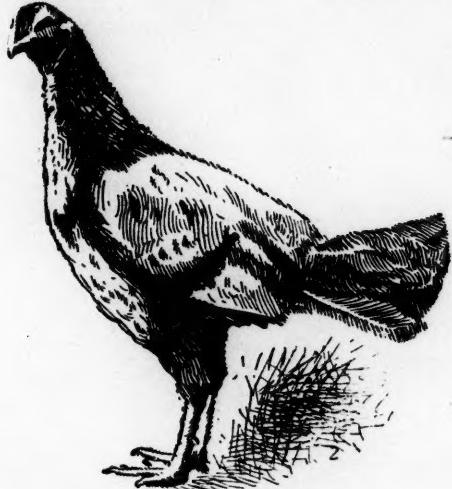
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Cock fighting was introduced by the Romans. History informs us that they were called upon to witness cock fighting in their own country in order to incite them to deeds of bravery and courage previous to their departure to conquer their enemies in England. Early in the Fourteenth century cock fighting was a royal pastime, and Henry the VII., on March 2, paid those who furnished game cocks to fight at Westminster at Shrovetide.

A pit was erected at White Hall in the Sixteenth century, and cock fighting was indulged in by the nobility. Although prohibited by Henry the VIII., Derby Lane Theatre, London, Eng., was a cock pit, and the feathered warriors of Wales, Cornwall and the English bred cocks fought weekly.

Coming down to comparatively modern times, the sport was a favorite one throughout Europe. Old Dod Frampton was one of England's greatest cock fighters. He owned the Smitenwing Reds, a breed superior to the Royal Pyles, which breed first became famous during the reign of Charles II. It is now the custom to match game fowls by weight, but in 1727 cocks were matched to fight by the length and girth, by the eye and gait.

In our day much art is displayed in training and preparing the cock for the combat. The fastening on



OLD KATIE.

of the spurs is a matter of considerable experience. Young cocks are called "stags," and two years is the best age. In fighting a match a certain number of cocks to be shown on either side is agreed upon, and the day before the match the cocks are shown, weighed to the greatest nicety, and matched according to their weights. Their marks are also carefully set down to prevent trickery. The cocks within an ounce of each other in weight are said to "fall in" and are matched. Those which do not fall in are matched to fight what are called "byses." Those which do "fall in" come into the main. The main is fought for a stake upon each battle and so much for the main, or the winner of the most battles in the main, while the "byses" have nothing to do with the main, and are usually fought for smaller sums. Should the number of wins be equal so that the main cannot be decided, it is usual to separate two or more cocks which are matched to fight and are of equal or a dead-weight, and to give or take an ounce either way, with one of each of the birds which would fall into the "byses" so as to make an uneven number. A middling size is considered the best, and from 3 pounds 6 ounces to 4 pounds 8 ounces is the medium. Cocks sometimes fight in silver spurs, but more often in steel. The laws of fighting are very precise and particular.

Cock fighting is unique in more ways than one. It not only has its own peculiar language, but it is about the only sport, unless bull baiting, badger pulling, and dog fighting be excepted, wherein the ancient traditions are adhered to closely. The laws, years ago, took cognizance of cock fighting and made earnest efforts to stop it. It is, nevertheless, a live department of the branch of sports to day, and bids fair to be for years to come.

The sport to-day is essentially what it was centuries ago, with the exception that there are various codes of rules governing it.

There is no progress in the sport of cock fighting as there is in pugilism, for the chanticleers are frequently killed in the pit, while it is difficult to hold cocking mains in various parts of the country and there are not as many persons interested in game fowls and their battles as there are in pugilism.

The interest in cock fighting is by no means waning though, and constantly great mains are being fought between the breeders of game fowls in some cases to win, while frequently the breeder is eager to show that his breed is superior to another's, so that he may have a ready sale for his fowls, both for fighting and breeding purposes.

It is not possible to improve the breed of a game fowl except by close, intelligent breeding. Game fowls which have gone through fierce and desperate battles in a main and have survived the encounter uninjured, may, in some instances, be better used for breeding purposes than to continue fighting.

Frequently one or both contestants die in the cock pit from wounds received, and a large percentage are maimed or so wounded that it is necessary to wring their necks to put them out of misery.

A cock is trained and prepared to fight for fame and gain, as were the knights of old when they put on their wrought-iron armor and grasped their spears. It is necessary and quite essential for a pugilist, athlete, or an oarsman to train, and so it is with a game cock, and many a battle has been lost by lack of condition.

The cock pit breaks all social barriers. Doctors, lawyers, merchants, bankers, brokers, horsemen, turfmen and men of all grades and character are to be seen at a cocking main.

One of the biggest mains ever fought in this country

tre of the pit; there shall also be two outer marks, which shall be one foot each way from the centre mark.

2. The pitters shall each choose one judge, who shall choose a referee—said judges shall decide all matters in dispute during the pendency of a fight; but in case of their inability to agree, then it shall be the duty of the referee to decide, and whose decision shall be final.

3. Chickens shall take their age from the first day of March, and shall be chickens during the following fighting season, to wit: From the first day of March, 1849, to the first day of June, 1849.

4. It shall be deemed foul for either of the respective pitters to pit a cock with what is termed a foul

and the pitters are to toss for which cock is to set-to first; he that wins the toss has the choice; then the one which is to set-to last is to be taken up, but not carried off the pit; then the hooved cock is to be put down to the other and let fight, whilst the judges or one of



A CELEBRATED BLUE CLIPPER.

them shall count twenty, and the other in like manner; and if one fight and the other refuse, it is a battle to the fighting cock; but if both fight, or both refuse, it is a drawn battle.

15—If both cocks refuse fighting until four, five, or more or less tens are counted, the pitters shall continue their count until one cock has refused ten times, for when a pitter begins to count, he counts for both cocks.

16—If a cock should die before they are counted out, although he fought last, he loses his battle. This, however, is not to apply when his adversary is running away.

17—The crowing, or the raising of the hackle of a cock, is not fight, nor his fighting at the pitter's hands.

18—A breaking cock is a fighting cock, but a cock breaking from his adversary is not fight.

19—If any dispute arises between the pitters on the result of a fight, the cocks are not to be taken off the pit, nor the gaffs taken off until it is decided by the judges or the referee.

20—Each cock within two ounces of each other, shall be a match, except blinder, when fighting against two-eyed cocks an allowance of from three to five ounces will be made; when blinder are matched against each other, the same rule to apply as to two-eyed cocks.

21—Any person fighting a cock heavier than he is represented on the match list, shall lose the fight, although he may have won.

22—In all cases of appeal, fighting ceases until the



TRAINING BIRDS IN YE OLDE TIME.

was in the Kentucky stable, in Jerome Park, for a larger amount of money than was ever fought for. The parties interested were Messrs. Hunter McDaniels and August Belmont. Thomas Heathwood of Lowell, Mass., who at that time had the best breed of cocks in the country, was present, and his fowls were pitted against the birds Col. McDaniels, the well-known turfman, was backing.

No report of this main was ever published, because it was attended by parties who did not want to figure as cock fighters. Among the select party was Larry Jerome, James Gordon Bennett, Ernest Staples, Ben De Forrest, and about twenty other distinguished persons. The main, it was said, was for \$2,500 each battle and \$5,000 the odd fight. Thousands of dollars were bet that night on each battle and the Heathwood cock won.

In cock fighting various "gaffs" are used, but the most dangerous and wicked is the Mexican spur. (See cut.)

In the East, gaffs are limited to one inch and quarter, while in the South drop-heels, and one inch and a half, and what are termed "slashers" are used. It is plainly the desire of those who attend cocking mains to see one bird or the other killed, and unless gaffs were used, there would be no prospect of an end to a chicken tourney except by the feathered warriors either quitting from exhaustion or tiring themselves out in their efforts to kill each other. The "Police Gazette" book on cock fighting, which is pronounced to be a standard work, gives full descriptions of the gaffs, and a treatise on the training of game fowls, and therefore it is not necessary to publish it in these columns.

Years ago there were only a few breeds of game fowls in this country. Now there are fifty. Among the most prominent are the Easlin, Shawnecks, Derbys, Setfons, Irish, Dark Devils, Red Horse, Counterfeits, John Long, Red Quills, Clairbornes, Tar, Waltons, Stonefence, Madcaps, Newbold Reds, Tassels, Rattlers, Red Rippers, Dominick, Irish Pyles, Brass Backs, Hennys, Duckwing, Virginia, Black Reds, Censors, Brown Reds, Red Pyles and others not quite as famous.

Since cock fighting was first introduced in this country, in the seventeenth century, there have been many rules as will be seen by reference to the "Police Gazette" book on cock fighting.

The following are the rules which governed cock fighting in the early part of the present century, and

hackle, that is, any of the feathers left whole upon the mane or neck.

5—The pitters shall let each cock bill each other three or four times, but this is not to be so construed that the pitter of a cock has a right to bill with his opponent's cock for the purpose of fatiguing him.

6—No person shall be permitted to handle his cock after he is fairly delivered in the pit, unless he counts ten, clear and distinct, without either cock making fight; or shall be fast in his adversary, or fast in the carpet, or hung in the web of the pit, or in himself.

7—Any cock that may get on his back, the pitter thereof shall turn him off it, but not take him off the ground he is lying on.

8—Whenever a cock is fast in his adversary, the pitter of the cock the spurs are fast in shall draw them out; but the pitter of a cock has no right to draw his own spur except when fast in himself, or in the carpet, or in the web of the pit.

9—When either pitter shall have counted ten tens successively, without the cock refusing fight making fight, again breasting them fair on their feet, breast to breast and beak to beak on the centre score or mark, on the fifth ton being told, and also on the ninth ton being told, shall have won the fight. The pitters are bound to tell each ten as they count them, as follows: once, twice, etc.

10—No pitter, after the cocks have been delivered in the pit, shall be permitted to clean their beaks or their eyes, by blowing or otherwise, or of squeezing his cock or pressing him against the door, during the pendency of a fight.

11—When a cock is pounded, and no person takes it until the pitter counts twenty twice, and calls three times "Who takes it?" and no person does take it, it is a battle to the cock the odds are on; but the pitter of the pounded cock has the right to have the pound put up, that is, twenty dollars against one; should not this demand be complied with, then the pitter shall go on as though there was no poundage.

12—If a cock is pounded and the poundage taken, and if the cock the odds are laid against should get up and knock down his adversary, then if the other cock is pounded and the poundage is not taken before the pitter counts twenty twice, and calls out three times "Who takes it?" he wins, although there was a poundage before.

13—It shall be the duty of the respective pitters to deliver their cocks fair on their feet on the outer mark or score, facing each other, and in a standing position,

judges or the referee give their decision, which shall be final, and strictly to the question before them.

23—When a bet is made it cannot be declared off unless by consent of both parties. All outside bets to go according to the main bet.

24—Any person violating any of the above rules, shall be deemed to have lost the match.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THEY CAGED THE BURGLAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Maggie Carlin, a domestic in the family of T. J. Levering, of Lafayette, Ind., recently saw a strange man enter the house of a neighbor, Mr. John Daugherty. Miss Carlin went to the house and tried to frighten him out, but the man wouldn't scare. She then summoned Miss Daugherty, and the two confronted him. Miss Carlin was armed with a knife and fork, and threatened to carve the man if he attempted to pass. The two young women finally got the man into a bedroom, where they locked him in and notified the police, who arrested him. He gave his name as William Wilson, of Terre Haute.

A FATAL SLEIGH-RIDE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A party of eighteen people were out driving in a four-horse sleigh in Baldwin, Wis., recently, when one of the reins broke and the horses ran away, overturning the sleigh and throwing out its occupants with fatal results to at least one and severely injuring several more. Eugene De Marcell received fatal internal injuries, Miss Minnie Pittman was badly cut about the head, George Pittman's right leg was broken, Mrs. George Pittman was cut about the face and head, and Mrs. A. E. Brainerd was terribly gashed across the top of the head. Five others were more or less badly injured.

THIS AGENT PLAYED IN LUCK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A man dressed in woman's attire was recently arrested in Hightstown, N. J. The man has been traveling through New Jersey villages selling corsets and bustles to women, representing himself to be an agent for a New England company. The agent guaranteed a perfect fit, and many ladies submitted to the required measurements. The man gave the name of Mrs. Stevens, and said that he had been traveling as a woman for several years.

THE SENSATION OF THE DAY.—The cowardly murder of young Fred. C. Benwell, in the Canadian woods, after being enticed from England. Profusely illustrated. Send 25 cents to the POLICE GAZETTE office.



ARRANGING A MAIN.

which were first published in the POLICE GAZETTE in 1849.

1. The pit shall be a circular pit, at least eighteen feet in diameter, and not less than sixteen inches in height—the floor of which shall be covered with carpet, or some other suitable material; there shall be a chalk or other mark made as near as can be to the cen-

tral point of the pit; there shall also be two outer marks, which shall be one foot each way from the centre mark.

2. The pitters shall each choose one judge, who shall choose a referee—said judges shall decide all

matters in dispute during the pendency of a fight; but in case of their inability to agree, then it shall be the duty of the referee to decide, and whose decision shall be final.

3. Chickens shall take their age from the first day of March, and shall be chickens during the following fighting season, to wit: From the first day of March, 1849, to the first day of June, 1849.

4. It shall be deemed foul for either of the respective pitters to pit a cock with what is termed a foul

and the pitters are to toss for which cock is to set-to first; he that wins the toss has the choice; then the one which is to set-to last is to be taken up, but not carried off the pit; then the hooved cock is to be put down to the other and let fight, whilst the judges or one of



A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

MRS. MARY PETERSON, OF CHICAGO, ILL., SHOT AT BY A LUNATIC, CHOKES HIM NEARLY TO DEATH AND THEN HAS HIM ARRESTED.



LIGHTNING LIBERATES PRISONERS.

A THUNDERBOLT BREAKS A HOLE IN THE ROOF OF THE MOULTON, ALABAMA, JAIL, AND SEVERAL CONVICTS ESCAPE.



THEY CAGED THE BURGLAR.

BRAVE MISS CARLIN AND MISS DAUGHERTY OF LAFAYETTE, IND., CORNER A CROOK AND HOLD HIM FOR THE POLICE.



"POOR JACK'S" UNHAPPY LOT.

SOME OF THE HARSHSIPS TO WHICH OUR SAILOR BOYS ARE SUBJECTED ON THE HIGH SEAS
AT THE HANDS OF CRUEL AND INHUMAN MARTINETS.

SOME LIVELY MILLS.

The Jack McAuliffe and Jimmy Carroll Contest.

OTHER INTERESTING ENCOUNTERS.

THE MC'AULIFFE-CARROLL MATCH.

The impending great battle between Jack McAuliffe, the light-weight champion of America, and Jimmy Carroll of Northampton, England, which is slated for March 29, promises to be a great fight and will create more than usual interest. McAuliffe, like John L. Sullivan, Jake Kilrain and Jack Dempsey, has a legion of admirers, and it is an open question whether Sullivan, Dempsey or McAuliffe has the most admirers. There is one thing may be said about the contest, that is, if Carroll defeats McAuliffe he can retire from the ring, for his backers will win at least \$5,000 if they put their money against the turf plunger and bookmakers who are backing McAuliffe in all parts of the country. The latest about Carroll and McAuliffe will be found in the following special dispatches to this office:

SAN FRANCISCO, March 14.

The prize ring encounter between Jack McAuliffe, the light-weight champion of America, and Jimmy Carroll, of Northampton, Mass., which is to be decided on the 21st inst., in the California Athletic Club, is now the reigning topic in sporting circles. The battle is to be for \$15,000, the second largest stake ever fought for in this country, and the largest amount ever contended for in the prize ring by either bantam, feather, light or middle weight pugilists.

The "Police Gazette" belt, which the New York pugilist has fought for, and which represents the light-weight championship of America, will be pitted by the Directors of the California Athletic club, ten days before the fight.

Dick Roche, the turkman, has been in constant communication with Billy Madden, who is training McAuliffe, and, judging from several of the fancy bets Roche has made on the New Yorker with Carroll's backer, McAuliffe is standing training and is acclaimed.

Carroll has been training for nearly eight weeks, and many believe he will go stale and lack vitality on the day of the fight.

Information has been received here, that a delegation of Boston and New York sporting men are coming here, and will wager from \$10,000 to \$20,000 on the New Yorker. McAuliffe has made a great impression with the sporting men, and many who are backing Carroll admire his manner.

P. H.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 15.

Billy Madden arrived in this city to-day from Jack McAuliffe's training quarters. He stated that McAuliffe was down to 128 pounds and enjoying the best of health. He had a long conference with Dick Roche, McAuliffe's backer, and the latter has sent east for \$12,000 to back McAuliffe. It is reported that the betting ring of the California Athletic Club have instructed the parties who do their betting to back Carroll. A well-known owner of mining stocks, a personal friend of Carroll's, has backed the latter to the tune of \$6,000. Madden says Carroll will have to be a wonder to win the "Police Gazette" champion belt from McAuliffe, and that the champion would not be beaten or lose the belt for a farm. Roche has received a dispatch from James Colville, of Boston, that he is on his way with a party, and they have a fortune to bet on McAuliffe.

P. H.

BILLY MURPHY AND TOMMY WARREN.

The first encounter between Billy Murphy, of Australia, the feather-weight champion, and Tommy Warren, of Los Angeles, the ex-champion of feather-weights, was decided in the Occidental Athletic Club, San Francisco, on March 14. The men fought at 118 pounds for a purse of \$1,000, the "Police Gazette" championship feather weight belt, which the Australian won by defeating Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, and the feather-weight champion of America. Both pugilists trained specially for the contest and came to the scratch in first-class condition.

After the match was ratified at the club and the articles of agreement signed, the men went into training, and a few weeks afterward reports were circulated that the Australian was suffering from attacks of nervous prostration and that his health was impaired by the steady and constant routine of training he had gone through during the past twelve months, and especially by the hard work necessary to bring his weight down to 118 pounds. These rumors were false, and started merely to bulk the betting and influence the backers of the ex-feather-weight champion to plunge on Warren. Warren's backers were few and far between, and sporting men, the clique who generally win when they bet on their money on the result of a pugilistic encounter, backed Murphy, and he was a heavy favorite, odds of \$1,000 to \$700 being laid on his chances of victory by Dick Roche, the backer of Jack McAuliffe, the light-weight champion; Major McLaughlin, Major Andrews and other well-known sporting men. Danne Needham of St. Paul, the champion light-weight pugilist of the Northwest, was appointed referee by the Directors of the Occidental Club, and the selection was endorsed by both the principals and their admirers. The battle was short and unsatisfactory, both to the betting men and the members of the club; but while it lasted the fighting was desperate and vicious, and both men gave and received severe punishment.

After all the preliminaries had been arranged the men put on the gloves, and on the call of time faced the scratch. Warren looked determined and wicked while Murphy had a confident smile on his countenance, as if certain of conquering the American ex-champion. Murphy opened the ball by planting his left on Warren's stomach, and napped a straight left hand blow on the forehead. A rattling exchange followed, and the Australian landed a "swinger" with his right on Warren's left ear, which sent him staggering. He quickly recovered and rushed in, landing his left on Murphy's nose. The latter then, with a straight right-hand-blow, caught Warren on the neck and sent him down. He rose in an instant and struck Murphy in the jaw before the round closed.

In the fourth round Murphy threw Warren deliberately and fell on top of him with both knees pressing hard into Warren's stomach. "Foul!" had been cried half a dozen times before this, but now it was heard all over the house. When Murphy arose Warren was on the floor writhing, with his hands on the spot where Murphy had "kneed" him. The crowd hissed the Australian vigorously, and Murphy turned and cursed them.

Nearly 20 seconds had gone by when Warren staggered to his feet. Murphy, thinking that the battle was over, had taken his seat in his corner. Needham, however, ordered the men to proceed, and Warren walked over to his opponent. He got a crack on the neck for his pluck and went down again. Again the crowd yelled their displeasure, for some people declared that Murphy had kicked him in the ribs while down. Pandemonium reigned. Needham tried to announce a decision, but the crowd made such a noise that he couldn't be heard for a long time. At last he was able to make it known that he gave the fight to Murphy, and there was more uproar. Such a scene was never witnessed here before, but Needham would not change, and the crowd went away disgusted.

Austin Gibbons, the Paterson, N. J., light-weight, had trained Murphy and seconded him, with Martin and Jimmy Murphy. Jack Delaney of Greenpoint, L. I., and Charley Gleason handled Warren.

THE CAMPBELL-HOPPER CONTEST.

At Philadelphia, on March 12, at Walter Campbell's boxing show, the principal event was a glove fight between Jack Hopper, of New York, and Walter Campbell of the Quaker City. Great interest was manifested in the meet between these well-known light-weights, and many supposed that Hopper, from his great experience in the ring, would win easily. Neither Campbell nor Hopper had trained, and they entered the ring weighing 135 pounds. Hopper was the first to lead, but he failed to land, then Campbell landed a light one on the stomach followed by two more, one on the jaw and the other over the heart.

After some further sparring Walter landed his left on the

"bread basket" and his right on the nose. Hopper now made one of his famous rushes and got home lightly on the jaw and followed with a good one on the stomach.

Walter opened the second round with a "corner" on Hopper's hard head, and followed with two on the jaw, and then one each on the stomach and jaw.

Up to this time Hopper had been trying to counter Campbell's leads, but Campbell was too agile, and was never in reach.

Hopper tried his hand now at leading, and had a light on Walter's jaw, and followed with a good one over the heart.

In round three, Walter landed left and right, and then followed with a good left hand swing. Hopper rushed and it was give and take, with Walter getting home the worst of it until time was called.

Round four found Campbell landing blow after blow on Hopper's face and stomach, and Hopper trying to counter, and although he has an immense reach, Walter was always too clever and was always out of the way.

JACK LYMAN AND JIMMY KENNARD.

The glove fight between Jack Lyman of New York and Jimmy Kennard, the "St. Paul Kid," according to "Police Gazette" rules, for a purse of \$500 offered by the Erie Athletic Club of Buffalo, N. Y., was decided in the club rooms of the latter on March 12. Both men are well known, and the battle created no little interest. The betting was \$25 to \$15 on the Kid.

In the first seven rounds the fighting was hot and about even. Kennard had closed Lyman's left eye, and both seemed winded. Kennard played for the damaged optic, and in the tenth round Lyman got mad and rushed the Kid. Kennard dodged cleverly, gave a return rush, and landed twice on the New Yorker's face.

Lyman made a game showing and led repeatedly, but Kennard surprised everybody by his quickness in ducking, and landed frequently on Lyman's face. When the sixteenth round was called, Lyman was bleeding from several cuts on the face and was groggy.

From then until the twenty-second, Kennard went at Lyman's wind successfully. In the last round the Kid forced matters, and after a few light exchanges landed several times on Lyman's neck and face, a right-hander on the ear finally flooring him. He staggered to his feet, and another light punch put him completely out of it.

TWO SLASHING ENCOUNTERS.

The Gladstone Athletic Club, of Providence, R. I., brought off two slashingistic encounters on March 11. The principal contest was between Charley Cowd, of England, and Jack Williams, of Boston, both feather-weights. Williams weighed 119½ pounds and Cowd, who has but one eye, 125 pounds. Williams showed the more scientific work. Cowd stood up to his punishment like a rock, and in the latter part of the contest got in some telling blows. In the fifteenth round Cowd knocked Williams down three times, but he came up within the limit each time. In the next round Williams was again sent down, and in round seventeen he was knocked out by a staggering blow under the jaw. The fight was awarded to Cowd.

Then Jack Falvey, champion of Rhode Island, and George Mack of Tumton, started in on a round robin, which could be extended to 12. Falvey displayed the greater science in the opening rounds, but Mickle improved in the fifth and sixth rounds, getting in some heavy blows in the stomach. In the 17th round the fight was given to Falvey on a foul.

QUINN KNOCKS WALL OUT.

Jim Quinn, of Rondout, N. Y., knocked out Mike Wall with gloves, according to "Police Gazette" rules, in 29 rounds, 1 hour, 10 minutes, at Newburg, N. Y., on Feb. 27. It was a slashing mill while it lasted, and both men were badly battered. All for a purse of \$50. The referee was Richard Murphy, of Newburg. Quinn's seconds were Thomas Murphy, of Newburg, and Dick Johnson, the centre-fielder of the Boston Baseball Club. Wall was looked after by Tom Martin and Jim Fogarty, of Newburg. Timekeepers were E. Bestwick, of Newburg, and E. Snyder, of this city.

PRIZE RING NOTES.

Alfred Pearce, the colored middle-weight pugilist of London, has written a letter that he is ready to meet any man in England or America at 10 stone 4 lbs. (144 lbs.), for £50 or £100 a side.

John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, will shortly go on a tour through the principal cities of the United States and Canada, if his case is settled in a way that he can do so.

The turn-up Charley Mitchell had with Bill Goode, alias "Chesterfield," a name Goode bears from his extravagant and fashionable style of dress, will cost Mitchell considerable money before it is ended.

Jake Kilrain and his combination appeared at Hot Springs, Ark., on March 12. Over 2,000 persons paid from \$1 to \$2 admission to catch a glimpse of the ex-champion. Mike Cleary had been bilked to box with Kilrain, but Cleary was in New York before the show came off, and those who expected to see Kilrain during his fighting abilities were disappointed.

Con McAuliffe, brother to Jack McAuliffe, left New York on March 11 for San Francisco.

The shortest prize fight fought in some time was decided at Fonda, N. Y., on March 12. The principals were Sparrow Lewis of Troy, N. Y., and Jimmy Dime of Amsterdam, N. Y. They fought for a purse of \$200—\$50 to the loser—according to "Police Gazette" rules. A large crowd of sporting men from Troy, Schenectady, Amsterdam, Johnstown and Gloversville were in attendance. For a few seconds they sparred cautiously, and then Dime let go a left hander, landing on Lewis's stomach. Then like a flash he swung his right, catching Lewis on the jaw and putting him to sleep. Time, 20 seconds.

A. B. Sult, of Suitland, Md., on March 12 issued a challenge to back Jack Quinn, of New York, the Scotch champion, against Fielding, of Washington, at 135 pounds. London prize ring rules, for from \$1,000 to \$1,500 a side. The contest to be decided within 200 miles of Washington, four or six weeks from signing articles.

Johnny Stack, the 140-pound champion of Hoboken, N. J., and Patsy J. Looney, the 190-pound amateur of the Scottish-American Club, fought according to "Police Gazette" rules at Jersey City, N. J., on March 10. In the first round Looney knocked Stack out and sent him sprawling through the ropes. Time, 15 seconds.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Letters for the persons whose names follow will be forwarded on receipt of a self-addressed and stamped envelope: Prof. A. B. Bortman, Frank Beyer, Harry Bethune, Geo. H. Butler, Fred Bryant, W. W. Cole (2), B. G. Chase, M. J. Connolly, F. J. Clark, Big Jack Connor, W. H. Casey, Miss Leo Clair, James Crow, Tom Cannon, J. A. Cathcart, Mike Cleary, F. A. Davenport, Daily Bro., "Upside Down" Co.; Marcus Downing, P. D. Car, James Bro., Jim Daly, Charley Falke, Sam Fitzpatrick, J. H. Falkner, Timothy J. Fox, Joe Fowler, James Fox, Joe Fleihan, Jim Foll, Pete Golden, J. W. Griffin, H. Gibbs (2), Dan Herty, Tommy Holden, Mike Hook, Mr. Holste, Fred Harmon, H. M. Johnson, Louis Katzenbach, Jimmie Kennard, Prof. Alphonso King, J. C. Little, Dan Laffin, James Leogon, J. A. Lightfoot, Evan Lewis, P. H. McMahon, Wm. Miller, Prof. Wm. Miller, James McCormick, James P. McVeigh, Patsy O'Fallon, Geo. M. Ross, Alf Ryan, A. Rosenthal, Duncan C. Ross (5), Matsuda Sorakichi (6), Jacob Schaffer, Abe Spitz, Mrs. R. L. Stewart, Pat Sheedy, Frank Slevin, Swipes, the Newsboy, F. M. Schoembe, W. C. Snader, C. W. Terwilliger, Sir Roger Tiebbourne, Norman Taylor, Henry Taylor, S. W. Veronica, Robt. Vint, Prof. Will Willie, J. H. Watson, Frank White, H. C. Williamson (2), Prof. Harry Webb (3), Joseph A. Wetmore, P. H. Hogan.

Arthur B. Suit, of Suitland, Prince George's County, Md., has posted a forfeit of \$250 and sends the following challenge:

SUITLAND, Md., March 15.

To THE EDITOR—I will fight any one a main of cocks or stags, in six or eight weeks, to show 13, 17 or 21, for from \$250 to \$400 a side.

The fight to take place in Baltimore or within 50 miles of New York, any rules. As A. W. Cooke, of Boston, is anxious for a main, now is his chance. Main can be made by addressing ARTHUR B. SUIT,

Suitland, Prince George's Co., Md.

CANADA'S SENSATION.—Full and authentic history of the cruel murder of Fred Benwell, near Princeton, Canada. Fully illustrated, with portraits of Benwell, Birchell and Mrs. Birchell. Price, 25 cents. Address POLICE GAZETTE office.

THE CAMPBELL-HOPPER CONTEST.

At Philadelphia, on March 12, at Walter Campbell's boxing show, the principal event was a glove fight between Jack Hopper, of New York, and Walter Campbell of the Quaker City. Great interest was manifested in the meet between these well-known light-weights, and many supposed that Hopper, from his great experience in the ring, would win easily. Neither Campbell nor Hopper had trained, and they entered the ring weighing 135 pounds. Hopper was the first to lead, but he failed to land, then Campbell landed a light one on the stomach followed by two more, one on the jaw and the other over the heart.

After some further sparring Walter landed his left on the

THE SPORTING WORLD.

Matters of Interest to Patrons of all Kinds of Pastimes.

JOHNNY REAGAN AND PETE MCCOY.

The following special cables were received at this office:

LONDON, March 15.

Frank P. Slavin, the champion of Australia, has booked engagements here until April. He will then leave for America and challenge any man in the world to contend according to London prize ring rules for the "Police Gazette" champion belt, \$5,000 and the championship of the world.

Jim Mace and Charley Mitchell are drawing large audiences in giving exhibitions.

Alf. Mitcheall, recently matched with Ted Pritchard, has issued a challenge to fight any man in England or America for £2,000 at eleven stone, for the middle-weight championship of the world.

Mitchell will box any middleweight in California clubs if they will allow expenses and put up a purse, £450. He is at present best middleweight in England.

ATKINSON.

E. C. C. Sullivan, has been appointed manager of the Freshman crew of Harvard College.

James Smit, the champion checker player of England, died of paralysis at Spennymoor, Eng. Feb. 24.

E. G. Peeks, defeated R. A. Powers in four rounds with gloves, for a purse of \$100 at Terryville, Conn., on March 2. The battle lasted 14 minutes.

The Vienna Jockey Club has withdrawn all its prizes and stopped eighty-two race meetings, because the Austrian government imposed a tax on bets.

Elegant New Cabinet Photographs of Peter Jackson, the colored champion, in fighting costume; also in citizen's dress. Sent on receipt of 10 cents each to this office.

The pool tournament at Syracuse, N. Y., ended on March 19, and Do Oro won the first prize, a diamond emblem and \$125. Powers won second money, \$10; Clearwater third, \$75; Manning fourth, \$50, and Thining fifth, \$40.

Doc McDonough, the sporting editor of the New York Star, has resigned that position, and he is now sporting editor of the New York Press. Mr. McDonough is well known in sporting circles, and he is styled the "Adonis" and the "Chesterfield" of the sporting writers.

John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, engaged in a pigeon shooting match with James Cusick of No. 15 Broadway, N. Y., at West Side Park, Staten Island, on March 15. Each shot at 20 birds. Both men killed 8 out of the 10, and on the run off John killed his first 9 birds, while Cusick missed 2. Score: Sullivan, killed 17; Cusick, 16.

James Dustin, the famous driver of trotters, who drove Emma B., half-sister to Maud S., record 2:22, and still the property of Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, and owner of Sir Mohawk and Nellie Sontag, has been engaged to assist Charley Marvin to handle the trotting division at the Palo Alto Stock Farm—Exchange.

At Cambridge, Mass., on March 15, at the Harvard Athletic Association games, F. B. Winthrop distinguished himself by defeating W. H. Shay, in the heavy-weight boxing competition in the second round. Winthrop also won the middle-weight sparring in about two minutes by a clean knock-down. Chamberlain was unable to come to the scratch after the knock-down and had to be carried from the ring.

A special from San Francisco, Cal., March 13, states: "In the single-scall regatta held here yesterday Jake Gaudaur, of St. Louis, won both the 1 and the 1-mile contests. In the 3-mile race he beat George H. Hosmer, of Boston; Albert H. Hamm, of Halifax, and James Ten Eyck, of Worcester, Mass. Time, 20 minutes 22 seconds. In the single-scall race Gaudaur won in 6 minutes 11 seconds.

Matsuda Kogaree

VERY SMALL POTATOES

The Stakes Offered By English Sporting Clubs.

JOE M'AUOLIFFE TO THE FORE.

The prospects of an international battle between Nune Wallace, the feather-weight champion of England, and George Dixon of Boston, Mass., the colored feather-weight of America, are not very rosy, although Dixon's backer, Tom O'Rourke, is ready to allow his great colored protege to contend against any man living at his weight.

Dixon's proposition to go to England and battle with Wallace for a purse of \$5,000, providing the Pelican Club would give the purse, was fair and sportsmanlike, as was also his offer to arrange a match for \$2,500 a side, to be decided in this country and allow Wallace expenses. If Wallace is eager to meet the feather-weight colored pugilist, he will have to accept Dixon's terms, or influence the Pelican Club to hang up a big purse.

The offer of the Ormonde Club to put up a purse of \$1,000 for Dixon to journey to England and meet Wallace was ridiculous. The idea of a pugilist crossing the water to meet a foreign champion in these times for \$1,000, especially when the same champion could make four times that amount of money in the time it would occupy to cross the Atlantic, did the grand in England's great metropolis, and train for the encounter.

It costs more to train in England than it does in America, and if Dixon had been foolish enough to go off at half-cock and accepted the Ormonde Club's offer, he would have found by the time he paid his trainers and seconds, he would have been out of pocket, win or lose.

American pugilists now springing up, are of an improving kind, and of better quantity and quality than the average of the English pugilists, and they are stars in their profession, and will not compete for paltry purses in England, when they can do better in this country without running the risk of a voyage, and then taking the chances of not receiving fair play, or of losing a battle by the decision of a prejudiced or partial referee.

Let us see! The Ormonde Club offered a purse of \$200 for Dixon to meet Nune Wallace. Dixon could make that sum in this country in a week, now that he has gained such feather prestige, and can continue to do so just as long as he continues to shine as a champion at his weight. Perhaps the members of the Ormonde do not know that athletic clubs organized merely to give purse for first class pugilists, are prevalent in all parts of the United States, and a pugilist who is clever with his daddies, and makes for himself a fine reputation, can make a large amount of money.

Later on the Ormonde Club made another offer, as will be seen by the following special cable:

London, March 15.

In reply to the offer of George Dixon, the colored feather-weight champion, to come to England to meet Nune Wallace to fight for the "Police Gazette" belt, and the championship, the Ormonde Club held a special meeting, and the directors decided to put up a purse of \$200 for Wallace and Dixon to fight at a stone 2 pounds, with gloves, and will allow Dixon \$500 for expenses. Wallace is willing. Answer. —SPORTSMAN.

These terms will not suit either Dixon or his backer, but if the Ormonde Club will put up \$5,000 and agree to allow Dixon \$500 for expenses, I have no doubt but what the great match will be arranged.

There are the California Athletic Club, the Golden Gate Athletic Club, the Southern California Athletic Club, the Occidental Athletic Club, and the San Jose Athletic Club on the Pacific Slope. The Southern, Audubon and Young Men's Gymnastic at New Orleans; the Erie Athletic Club of Buffalo; the Parnell and the Cribbs Clubs at Boston, and the Gladstone at Providence, and any one of them would give nearly three times the amount of the purse the Ormonde Club offers for an international battle between Wallace and Dixon.

Toff Wall, the middle-weight champion of England, so the cable says, is quite eager to meet Jack Dempsey, the champion middle-weight of America, in the Pelican Club, London. Dempsey might go to England and beat the lion in his den if the Pelican Club put up a purse of £1,500, but he would not make the journey for a less amount, because the California Athletic Club would put up \$5,000 for Dempsey to meet the English champion.

English clubs, if they want American pugilists to meet English champions, must put up bigger purses than the many clubs in America offer, or else theiristic encounters will be confined to their own pugilists. At present the American pugilists, taken as a whole, are the best in the world, and the wealth of the clubs in America, whose hobby is to bring off bigistic encounters and give large purses, is also ahead of England's.

It is a well-known fact that John C. Heenan, when he was champion of America, went to England to battle for \$1,000 a side, for that was the amount of the stakes that Tom Sayers and Heenan fought in their historic battle at Farnborough, England, on April 17, 1860.

That was thirty years ago, and prize fighting of 1860 and 1890 is quite different. In 1860 there were not a dozen pugilists in America that could find backers. The largest stakes ever put up in England was in the match between Tom King and John C. Heenan, who fought for \$10,000, and that between Jake Kilrain and Jim Smith.

After all the buncombe I read about the single-scall championship, and the challenges of Peter Kemp, Wm. Beach and James Stanbury, imagine my surprise when I read that Nell Matterson, Searle's trainer, and Peter Kemp had been matched to row for the highest distinction in aquatics—the sculling championship.

Kemp was never better than a second-class oarsman. He beat Edward Hanlan twice in Australia, but it was not during Hanlan's championship reign, which was from 1880—when he defeated Ed Trickett of Australia for the championship of the world—to 1884, when Wm. Beach defeated him in Australia and won the championship of the world.

Leaving out Kemp's victories over Hanlan, his other victories, which were over Nell Matterson and Tom Clifford, amounted to nothing; that is, as far as the championship was concerned.

Kemp rates as a second-class man, for Henry Searle easily defeated him on Oct. 28, 1888, in Australia, for the championship. Nell Matterson, on the other hand, was never in the first-class and was lower-on-the-aquatic-ladder than Kemp. His principal victories have been over C. A. Messenger, Chris Nelson, G. J. Perkins and G. Bear, who were never first-class oarsmen. Perkins, Nelson, Beach and Kemp have beaten Matterson, while George W. Lee, of Newark, N. J., easily defeated him over the Thames championship course, England, in 1886.

Single-scall racing must be below par when there is no one to row for the championship of the world except men who were never considered to be the Simon pure champions. Either John Teemer, Jake Gaudur or William O'Connor could defeat either Kemp or Matterson, and just think of the adaman-tine gall of these oarsmen rowing for the championship of the world.

I am not finding fault or criticizing their arranging a match, but the assurance of rowing for a title they have no right to contend for is absurd. If Kemp had agreed to row Wm. O'Connor for the single-scall championship of America instead

of Matterson, then no one could have questioned the race being arranged for the championship.

O'Connor was the last man now living to row for the title, and after Henry E. Searle died and left the title in abeyance O'Connor was the first man to put up a forfeit and issue a challenge to row any man in the world for \$2,500, the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup and the championship of the world, and no one picked up the gauntlet. Consequently, O'Connor, having claimed the title and backed up his claim with money, should be considered the champion oarsman of the world until beaten in a race for that title.

O'Connor is now in Australia, and will look after his rights in regard to the championship, and will probably row the winner of the Matterson and Kemp race for the championship of the world.

I see that Joe McAuliffe, the heavy-weight champion of the Pacific slope, better known in fistic circles as the "Frisco Giant," has posted a forfeit and issued a challenge to meet any pugilist in the world for from \$1,000 to \$10,000 a side.

The deft is more directly issued to James J. Corbett, who gained considerable notoriety by his besting Jake Kilrain in a 6-round glove contest.

Billy Madden, the wideawake, shrewd manager, who first brought John L. Sullivan, through the aid of the "Police Gazette," prominently before the public in 1880, and Charley Mitchell, the champion British boxer, later, has assumed the management of McAuliffe, and it is Madden's ambition to send the Pacific coast heavy-weight against all comers.

Some time ago I was under the impression that McAuliffe was wasting valuable time by waiting so long between drinks, or between fights. Since he defeated Tom Lees he has done simply nothing, while he should have had a manager who was capable of steering his pugilistic ship with keen eye, looking out for breakers and securing for him a series of matches.

McAuliffe is a clever, scientific pugilist, big enough to have a shy for the championship, and if his hand is kept in and he does not allow grass to grow under his feet, he should find plenty of work in matches with Jake Kilrain, Jim Corbett, Peter Jackson, Pat Kilian, Jack Ashton and Patsy Cardiff, and then meet John L. Sullivan or Frank P. Slavin.

H. G. Crickmore, who for decades was the turf editor of the New York "World," and who is, in my opinion, to-day the leading authority on racing in America, is Secretary of the Monmouth Park Racing Association, and already it has shown a full hand by furnishing the statistics of the two, three and all aged stakes to be run at this great racing resort during 1890.

According to the list of entries "Crick" furnishes for the thirty-eight stakes to be run at Monmouth Park, the nominations exceed those of last year, and among the list of owners who have made over 100 entries in the stake events are: Dwyer Bros. 216; A. Belmont 210; D. D. Withers 171; J. A. and A. H. Morris 159; Rancocas stable 151; W. L. Scott 130; S. S. Brown 124; Santa Anita stable, 109; J. B. Haggan 103.

Since the unlooked-for defeat, if it may be thus rated, of Jake Kilrain by Jim Corbett, I have anxiously awaited to see an explanation from the unfortunate and, I may say, unlucky pugilist, but I never received one until a few days ago, and in order that the millions who read this column may know just what Kilrain says about the matter I quote the following interview with him by a Western newspaper man. It puts quite another face to the picture. Kilrain says:

"My understanding was that the match was for a knock-out, not for 'points.' I was told by my seconds, Muldoon and Cleary, that it was for six rounds, and at the fifth I had Corbett at my mercy. I expected to have another round, but at the close of the fifth the referee claimed that the fight was over and that Corbett had the best of it. My right eye was cut by Corbett's elbow in a clinch. I was astonished at the decision and claimed that there should be another round. Many of the audience were of the same opinion."

"After the referee had decided against me I offered then and there to box four more rounds, which Corbett refused to do. I also met Corbett next day, and I offered to box him any number of rounds for a purse which was assured by a sporting gentleman of known integrity. Corbett to pick out the gloves; he to say how the money was to be divided or all to go to the winner. He refused, saying he had just received a telegram from his father in California. Previous to the fight Corbett tried to arrange with Muldoon to travel with his combination. When I found out I could not get a match here I offered to go out to California to fight. This offer Corbett also declined. I then stated in the newspapers of this city what I thought of him—that he has a case of 'big head with a small heart.' Corbett then left town at once without taking the trouble to thank his friends in this city who had been kind to him, among others that warm-hearted but cool-headed sporting man, Bud Renaud, who never turned his back upon a friend or an enemy.

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"A six-round fight with gloves is no criterion as to a fight with bare knuckles. I can beat him in any way, from a 6-round glove fight or a fight to a finish with what nature gave me. I am not beaten, dismayed or conquer'd. My record here and elsewhere has been square, and I am proud to say I have lost no friends and made no enemies in this city. In proof of this statement one of the leading sporting gentlemen of this city is willing to match me for any reasonable amount of money with Corbett. I want to have another 'go' at Corbett, and will fight him when he dares, where he dares and how he dares when I can get a square deal."

REFEREE.

BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS OF THE N. Y. A. C.

The boxing championships of the New York Athletic Club, were decided on March 8 and 10, in the spacious gymnasium of the club in New York city.

The contests were for the following classes: 110 pounds, 120 pounds, 130 pounds, 135 pounds, 160 pounds, and a special between W. Burns, of the Pastimes, and S. T. Tement, of the Nationals, the former weighing 250 pounds, and the latter 248 pounds. Only two rounds were fought, Burns winning.

The final bout in the 110-pound class was between M. Mulroy, of the Nationals and E. Mullion, of the West Side Athletic Club, and was won by Mullion.

In the final bout of the 120-pound class, D. J. McVeigh, of the Standard, and Peter McNally, of the Bridge Athletic Club, met, and McVeigh won.

The 130-pound class final bout, was a pre-arranged affair between W. Rogers, of the Star, and John Clark, of the West Side Athletic Club, and the referee stopped the contest and declared Clark the winner.

The final bout in the 135-pound class was between Charles Langan, of the Lexington, and Hugh J. Winters, of the Bridge Athletic Club, and the latter won, administering terrible punishment on Langan's facial organ.

The 140-pound competition was won by Richard Behrens, of the Star Athletic Club, who defeated J. Casey, of the Bridge Athletic Club.

The 145-pound competition was won by N. Cullen, of the Bridge Athletic Club, with the banner offered by the club scoring the most points by 21.

The 160-pound competition was won by P. Casey, of the Bridge Athletic Club.

This special was recently received:

SAVANNAH, GA., March 14.

An athletic club has been organized here with 150 members. The club will conduct prize fights with gloves, according to "Police Gazette" rules, on the same plan as the California Athletic Club. A Minis is president; R. Anderson, vice-president; G. S. McAlpin, secretary and treasurer. Prof. Gus Meyers, of New York, champion of Florida, is the sparring instructor of the club.

THE BENWELL MURDER—Just issued in book form. The murder of Fred C. Benwell, at Princeton, Canada, fully illustrated, from sketches by POLICE GAZETTE special artists. Send 25 cents to this office.

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Owing to the numerous orders we are daily receiving for all kinds of Sporting Goods, Portraits, Books, etc., of every description, we have, for the convenience of the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE, opened a

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The department is in charge of a thoroughly competent man, and any orders we are favored with will be filled at the manufacturers' lowest prices.

Orders filled promptly and must be in every case accompanied by cash. Address PURCHASING DEPARTMENT, POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

1889, 33 rounds, 2 hours 34 minutes, fought Jimmy Kennard, St. Paul Kid, 15 rounds, 59 minutes, arrested by the police.

W. J. J., Boston, Mass.—1. Walter Whyburn, the famous jockey, was born in Birmingham, England, in 1867. He first rode for Joe Dawson and was second to Fred Archer, who also rode for the same stable. He was brought to this country by D. D. Withers, and during one season he carried the all black for the famous turfman of Monmouth, N. J. He has since rode for the Dwyers, Street, Timmins, and rode second in the jockey championship of Brighton Beach and Clifton in 1888. In 1889 he rode for Green B. Morris and he had the most winning mounts at Baltimore and Washington. Whyburn rode King Crab when he won the Long Island Cup in record time. Whyburn is not yet engaged for the coming season, and he will in future ride at 12 pounds.

W. C., Philadelphia.—1. No. 2 Harry Lannon, of New Orleans, the middle-weight pugilist, stands 5 feet 9½ inches in height and weighs 168 pounds. He was born in 1868. He whipped Patrick Logan, United States Navy, in 6 rounds; was beaten by Ross, also of the navy, in 6 rounds; defeated P. Dillon in 5 rounds, at Newport; John Carr, of the navy, in 3 rounds. He fought a 16-round battle with Tom Collins, of the navy, which resulted in a draw. He defeated Frank Bushong in 3 rounds at New Orleans. He fought a 10-round draw with Sailor Brown, Aspinwall, Isthmus of Panama. Pat Allen fought him to a draw in 4 rounds at New Orleans. He sparred two exhibition bouts of 3 rounds each, with the well-known Jack Dempsey, at New Orleans, and was defeated in 4 rounds.

W. C. D., Paterson, N. J.—The leading pugilists at the present time in England are Josh Cosnett, Jim Smith and Jack Wan-nop, in the heavy-weight class; Charley Mitchell, Toff Wall, Ted Pritchard, Bill Goode, in the middle-weight class; Bill Baxter, Jimmy Carney, Sam Baxter, in the light-weight class, and Nunc Wallace, George Camp, Fred Johnston, Morgan Crowther in the feather-weight class. The above are outclassed by American pugilists. John L. Sullivan can defeat any man in England in the heavy-weight class. Jack Dempsey is able to defeat the batch of Englishmen in the middle-weight class. Jack McAuliffe, the light-weight champion, is more than a match for any in the light-weight class, while George Dixon or Cal McCarthy would stand a great chance of conquering the feather-weight champions of England.

IN THE ROPE ARENA.

Topical Chat About the Boys who are Able to Take Care of Themselves.

Charley Turner, the famous colored middle-weight, of Stockton, Cal., and Denny Kelleher are to fight in the Golden Gate Athletic Club, San Francisco, on April 13.

Alf Gower defeated Fred Sullivan in a contest with gloves at London, England, on Feb. 27. Fourteen rounds were fought in 55 minutes. Both men are feather weights.

Billy McCarthy, of Australia, and Jimmy Carroll, of Brooklyn, have signed articles to contend according to "Police Gazette" rules for a purse of \$1,500 in the California Athletic Club in April.

The Bill Goode that was beaten by Tom Gardner in 18 rounds, for £100, in England on Feb. 28, was not Bill Goode who was recently beaten by Toff Wall, but the feather-weight of Battersea, Eng.

Frank P. Slavin, the champion of Australia, after spending his honeymoon at Monte Carlo with his bride and gentlemanly manager, John Lewis, is again in harness and ready to meet all comers.

Danny Needham broke his right hand in the fifth round when he fought Patsy Kerrigan at the California Athletic Club. This is one reason why the battle lasted 6 hours 45 minutes, the longest on record.

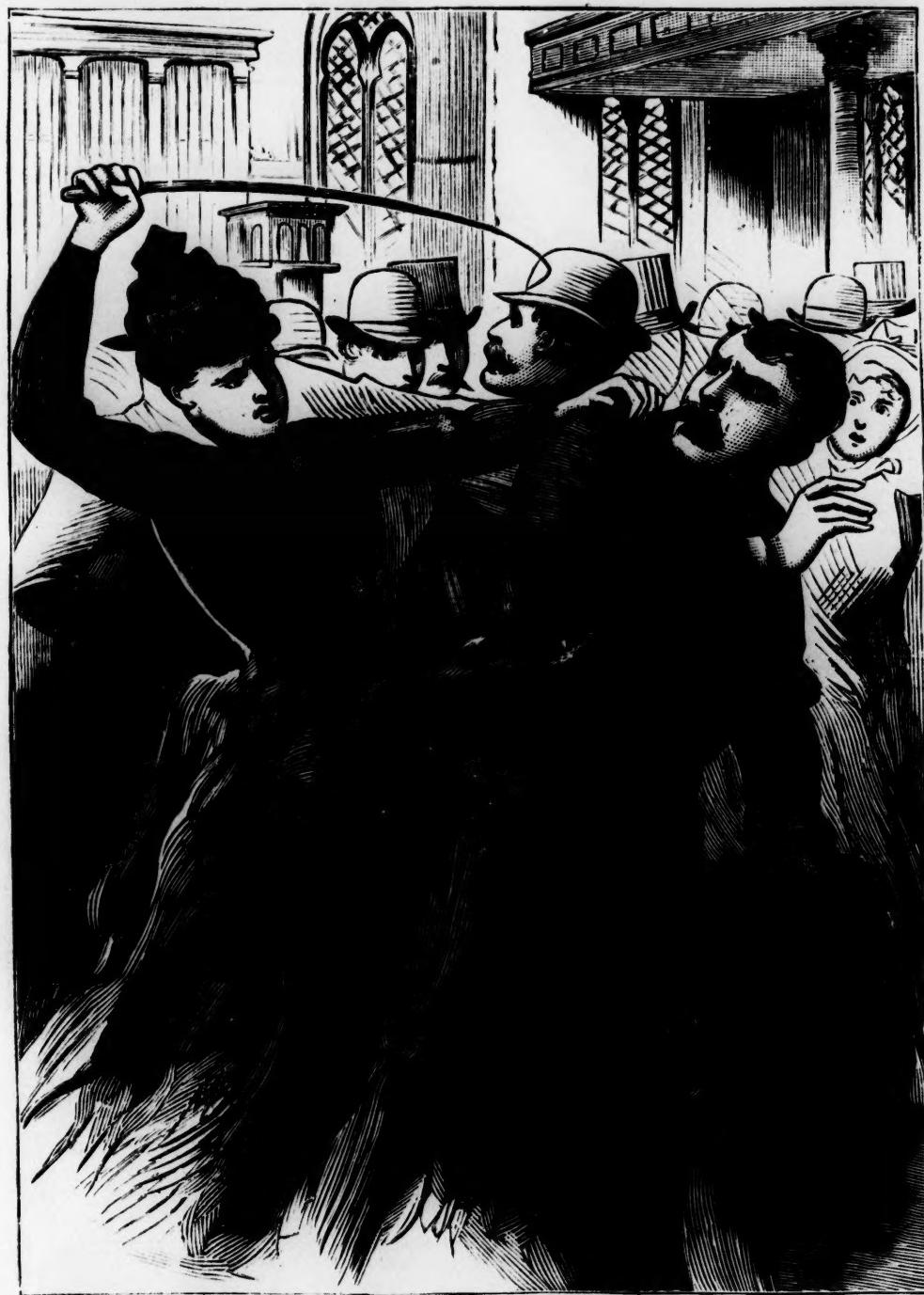
dispatch to the "Police Gazette" recently from Toledo, Ohio, says Bob Ripley and George Barnes fought there according to "Police Gazette" rules for \$200. Barnes was knocked out in the second round.

Billy McCarthy, who was matched with Charley Turner of Stockton, in the Golden Gate Athletic Club, has broken off the match. It is said the California Athletic Club insisted on McCarthy's breaking off the match.

Jerry Sullivan, of Worcester, Mass., the well-known feather-weight, arrived in New York on March 10. Sullivan called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and stated that he was ready to meet any of the feather weight class at 118 pounds.

Jim Moulton, the Black Pearl, defeated Jim Doyle in four rounds, with two-ounce gloves, at a quiet spot on the Darby road, Philadelphia, on March 9. After Moulton defeated Doyle, Conny Canary, well-known pugilist, was pitted against him, and Moulton knocked Canary out in four rounds.

A large crowd of sporting men assembled at this office March 13 to witness Hugh Masters, of New York, and Mo Corbin, colored, arrange a match. The pugilists agreed to meet within three weeks and box with gloves according to "Police Gazette" rules for \$150 a side and a purse. Prof. Harry Umiah is Corbin's back



SHE COWHIDED HIM.

MRS. JOHN SLEGER, OF PITTSBURG, PA., FLOGS A TEMPERANCE LECTURER WHO MADE DISPARAGING REMARKS ABOUT HER.



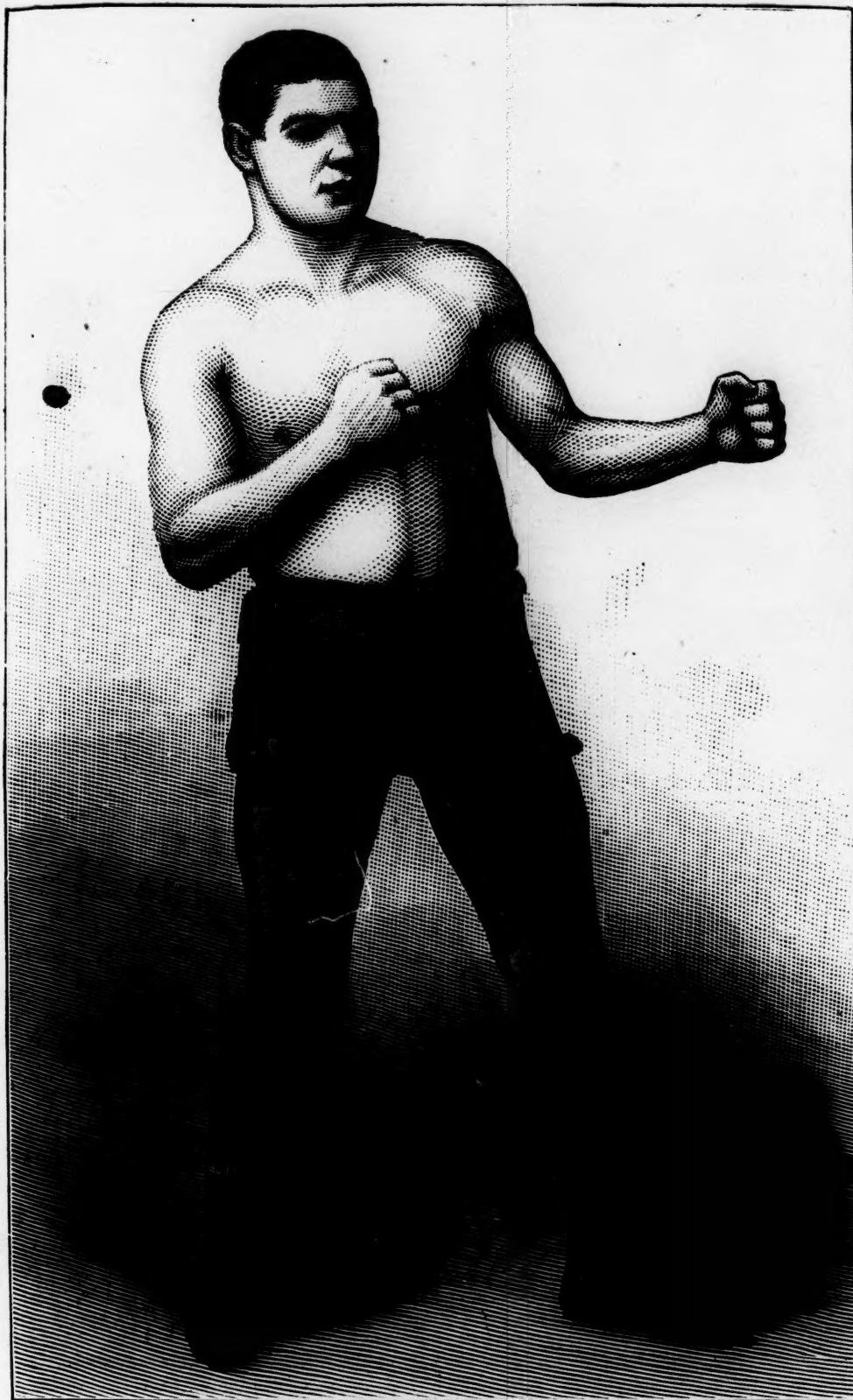
WHIPPED BY WHITE CAPS.

TWO BROTHERS NAMED CRANE, OF 'BUTTERMILK ROAD, NEAR COVINGTON, KY., THRASHED FOR CHICKEN STEALING.



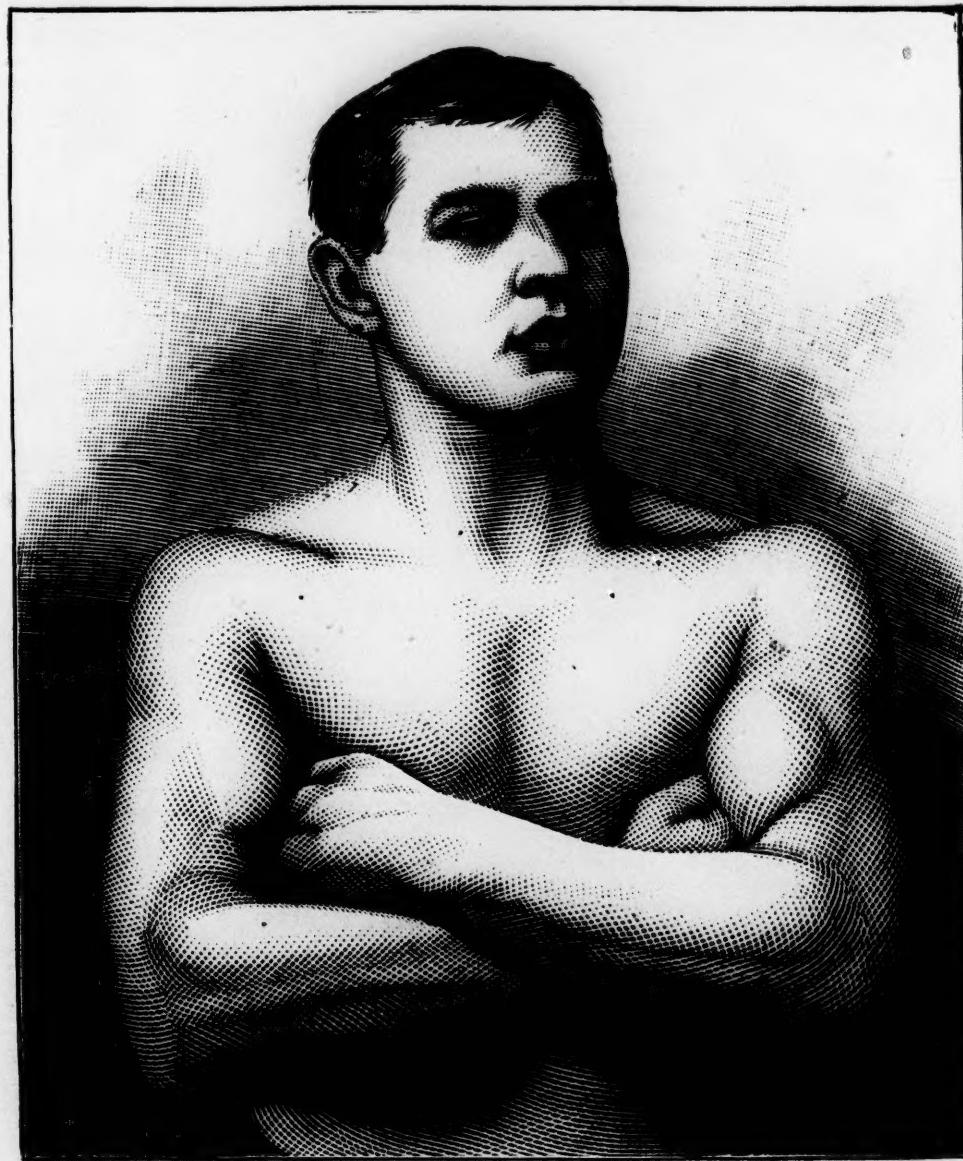
PERKY EUCHRE PLAYERS.

THE PRESIDENT AND MATRON OF A NEW WILMINGTON, PA., SEMINARY ASTONISH A QUARTETTE OF BEAUTIES.



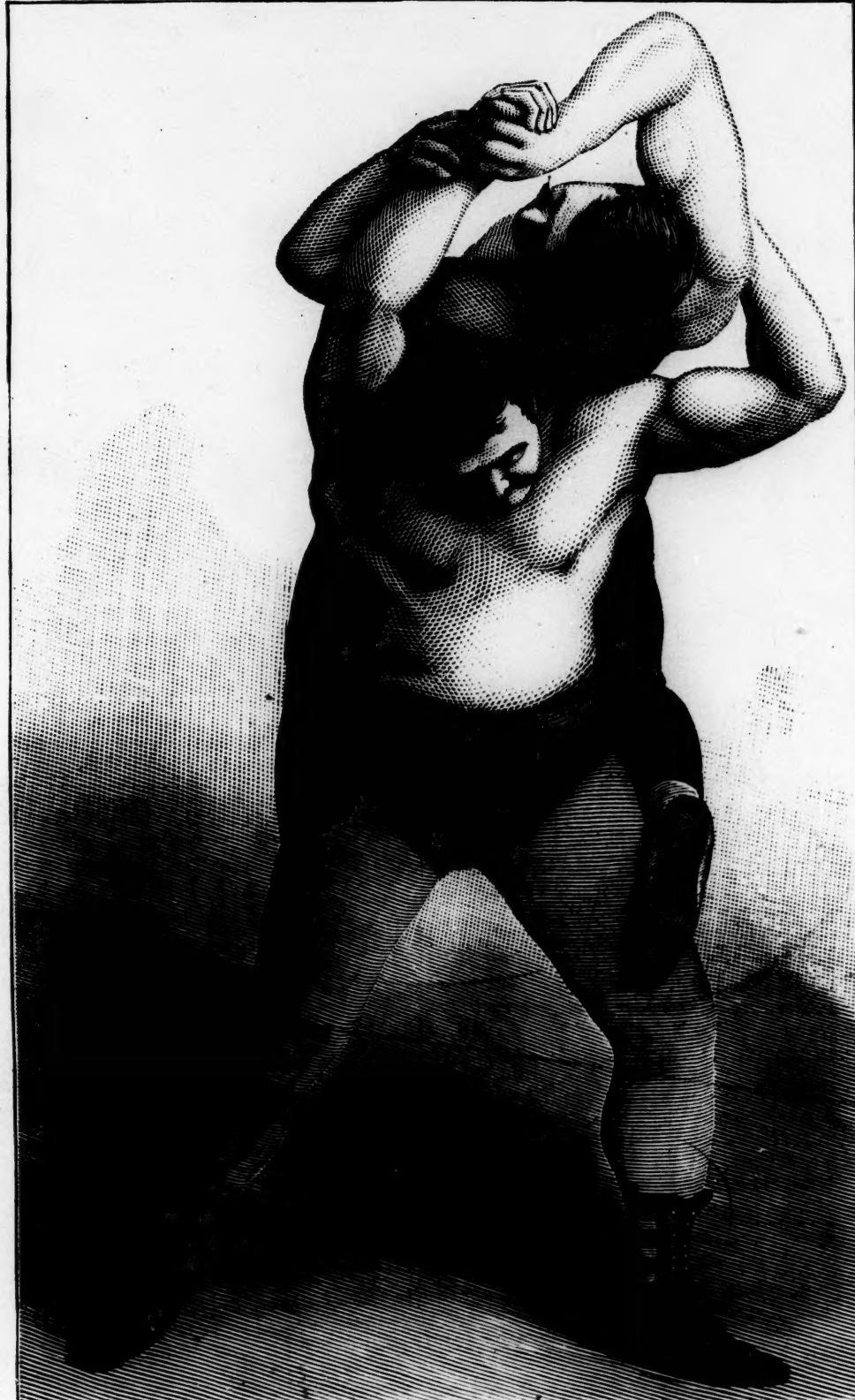
DENVER, COL.'S, MIDDLE-WEIGHT.

DOUGHTY ED. SMITH, THE FAMOUS PUGILIST, WHO DESIRES TO MEET ANY MAN IN AMERICA OF HIS CLASS FOR BIG STAKES.



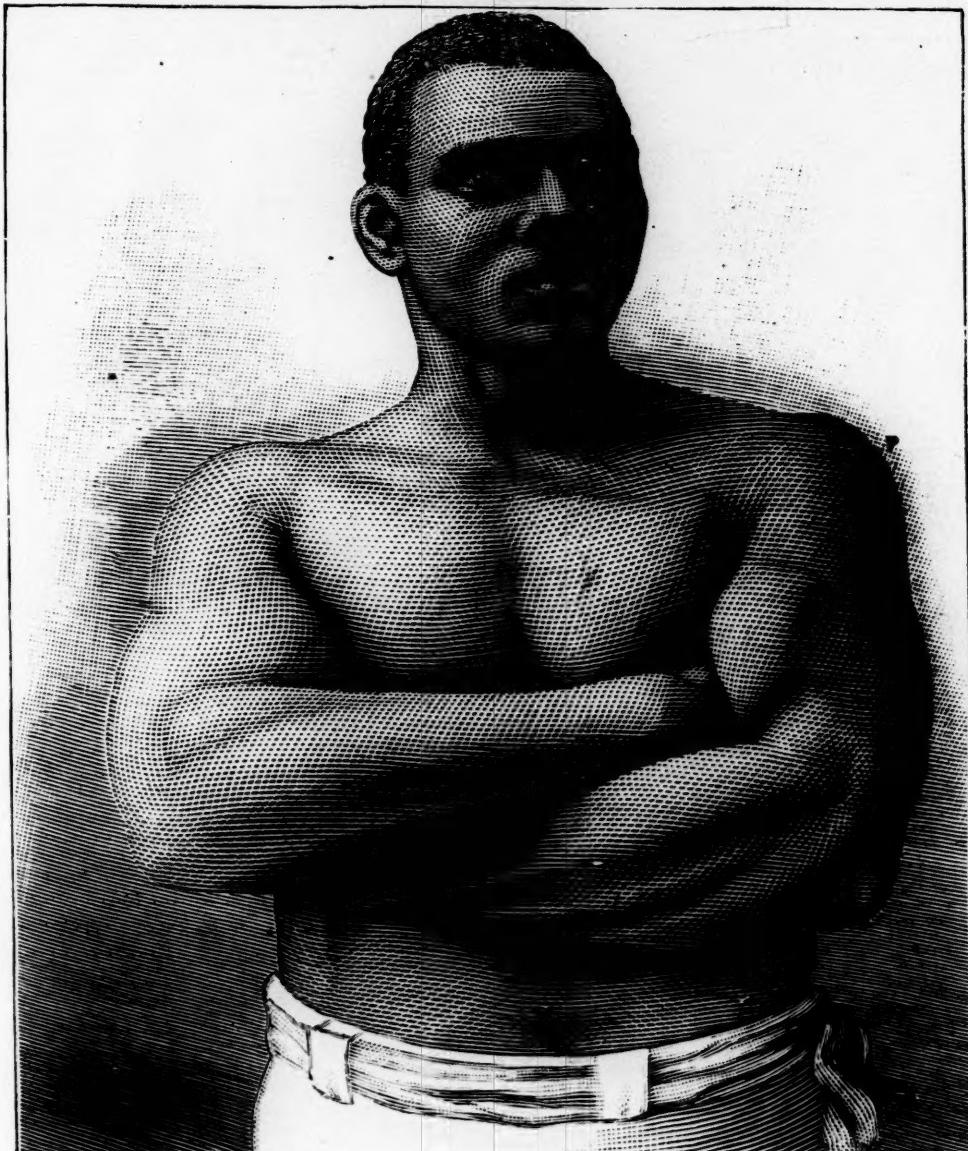
A NOTED "STRONG BOY."

FREDERICK WHEELER, THE HANDSOME HERCULES OF NEW YORK CITY, WHO MAKES GOOD USE OF HIS BRAWNY MANHOOD.



THE GERMAN CHAMPION.

SEBASTIAN MILLER, HEAVY-WEIGHT LIFTER, STONE-BREAKER AND HERCULEAN WRESTLER OF ALL METHODS.



BIRMINGHAM'S "BIG SIX."

ALF. WALKER, ALABAMA'S COLORED HEAVY-WEIGHT, WHO LIFTS MAMMOTH WEIGHTS AS WELL AS FIGHTS.

A GALLANT FIREMAN.
J. W. Batt, A Brave "Laddie" of Phoenixville, Pa.



One of the most celebrated firemen in Phoenixville, Pa., is J. W. Batt, whose photo is presented above. Fireman Batt is assistant foreman of Phoenix Hose No. 1, and, in addition to being an exemplary "laddie," is well up in all that appertains to legitimate sports.

WHIPPED BY WHITE CAPS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Recently, three young men were whipped by White Caps at Butterfield road, near Covington, Ky. They were brothers named Crane, who were suspected of chicken-stealing. They were taken to the woods, stripped, tied to trees and given thirty lashes each with blacksnake whips, which brought blood at every blow. John Crane, the oldest brother, fainted under the lash. After the whipping was over the three men were washed, their bleeding backs were dressed with salve and bandages, and they were taken home and warned to be gone before the next Sunday. There were twenty-five men in the party of White Caps.

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To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

To Nervous Men.

If you will send us your address we will send you Dr. Dye's celebrated Voltaic Belt and Appliances on a trial. They will quickly restore you to vigor, manhood and health.
VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

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125 West 42d Street, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

P. S.—Use W. Woodbury's Facial Soap for the skin and scalp for sale at all druggists, or by mail, 50 cents.

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